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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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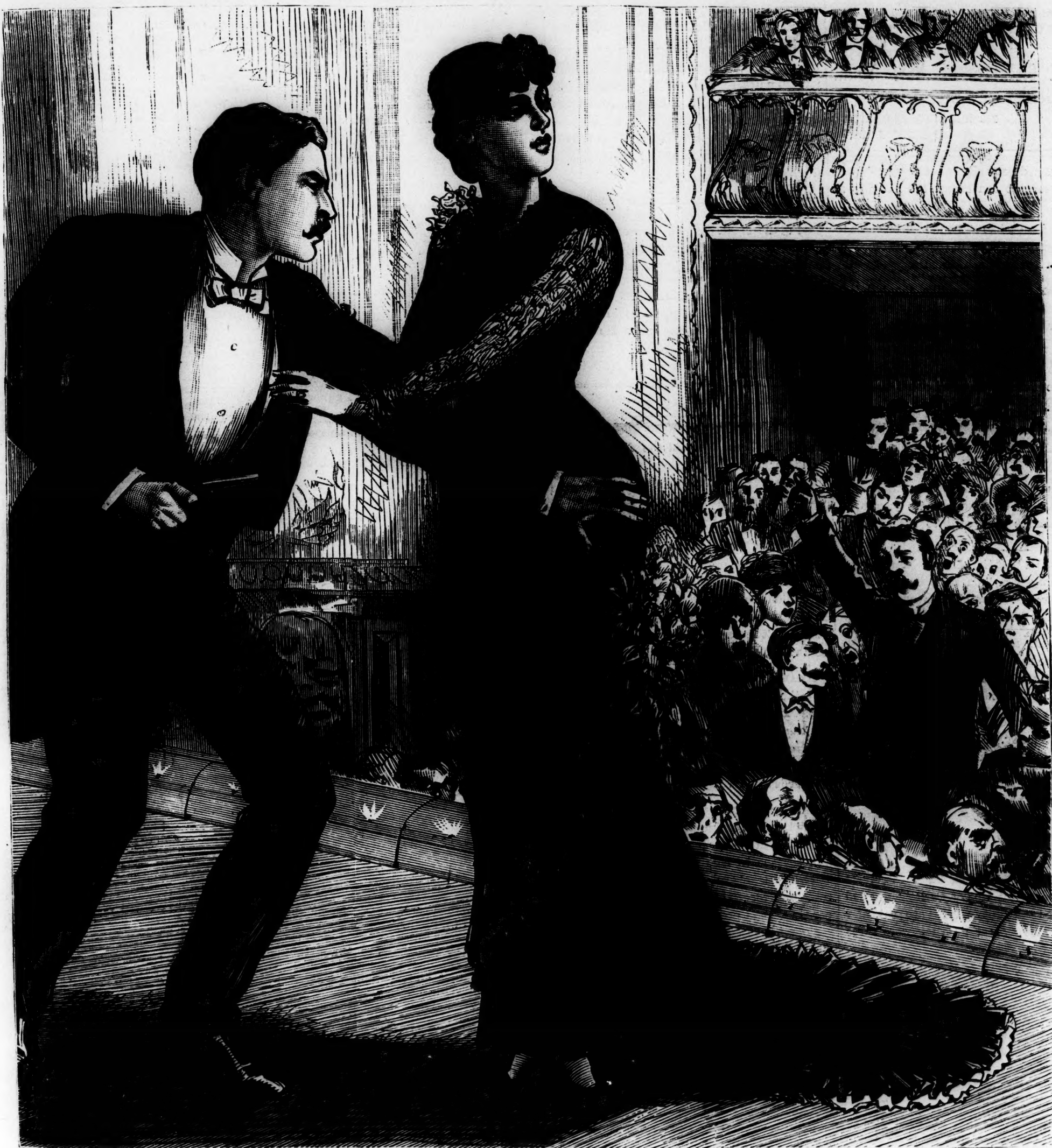
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## A THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND DOLLAR BEAUTY.

HOW A DISCARDED ROMEO GOT EVEN WITH HIS FAITHLESS JULIET BY PUBLISHING HER DERELICTIONS AND THEIR COST TO HIM BEFORE THE AUDIENCE SHE WAS FASCINATING.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
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### THERE IS NO OTHER!

Care should be taken not to confound the *POLICE GAZETTE* with any other illustrated publication. Ask for the

### POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
183 WILLIAM STREET,  
NEW YORK.

ANOTHER dreary season of lawyers' chin music before we can report the hanging of Guiteau.

JUDGE LYNCH has monopolized business to such an extent in Colorado that the office of hangman has become a sinecure.

THE *POLICE GAZETTE* fills the bill this week, pictorially, journalistically and in a pure literary sense. Match it, any of you!

JUDGE LYNCH has had a lively time of it out west during the past fortnight. He found five murderers worthy of his attention.

DEATH by poison is the latest fashion in murder out west. Strychnine is all the rage, having almost superseded arsenic in the mode.

CUPID, up with the newest improvements every time, has seized on the ice yachts on the Hudson to give *eclat* to his runaway matches.

THE rumors that the belles of New Orleans were terribly "gone" on the prize fighters is nothing strange. It would be a queer fighter that couldn't "mash."

A VERMONT murderer intended to pickle the man he had murdered, and ship him as prime mess pork, but was caught before he had headed up the barrel.

TALMAGE is going furiously for Bob Ingersoll every Sunday. He'd better look out or Bob may find he's kicking at him. Then, what will be left of Brother Talmage?

THERE hasn't been a Brooklyn scandal reported in a week. What's up? Has Cupid at last discovered the way to put greenbacks where they will act as the most effective gag?

THE case of the Ashland, O., murderers, is still the great sensation of Catlettsburg and vicinity, and the guilty villains are not safer from the mob now than they were three weeks ago.

A POETIC sporting reporter describes the "slugging" of the champions as so perfect that it struck a melodic chord in his imagination. He called it a "symphony in gore when all was over."

THE Texas cowboys have dropped on themselves and have retired temporarily to give other criminals a chance. Wife murder is now coming into vogue in the Lone Star State by way of variation.

WE are well provided with sensational crime. There is the national murder case in which Guiteau figures, the Gibbons murder in Ohio, and the Jennie Cramer case down east in Connecticut. And yet we are not happy.

THE *POLICE GAZETTE* is a model journal this week. Inspect it in every department and say if we are not right in being proud of it.

THE far west may be wild and rude, but convicted murderers don't last long enough out there to get a new trial. The greater the advance of refinement the better the chance for assassins it seems.

MR. BEECHER was very wise when he declared he had not advised his congregation to bet on the prize fight. He didn't have the tip that some of his flock had, or he would have talked differently.

GEORGE RIDDLE is playing *Oedipus Tyrannus* in New York, in the original Greek. Under the circumstances the actor merges himself in his part most perfectly. Both actor and role are riddles.

A NEW racket in Colorado. Before a man attacks an enemy he has a couple of friends personate officers and search him for concealed weapons. None being found, or the victim being disarmed, it is safe to attack him.

OHIO murderers amuse themselves in jail by mock trials by jury. They seize on the insanity plea as the best for burlesque purposes, and hang their grim humor on it with a glee that even the hardened jailers say is fiendish.

A WATERTOWN, Wisconsin, man frightened off all the neighbors by saying his wife had died of the small-pox, but the coroner dug her up, proved she died of strangulation, and now the husband is trying to show how he mistook the disease.

AND now a Yankee turns up in Alford, Mass., who easily takes the cake. He is not only a murderer, but a cannibal. He not only kills his victims but eats them. Now then, what are Colorado and Kansas and Arkansas going to do about that?

THE Rev. Mr. Hoffman, of Bloomington, has at last been declared the father of his pretty maid servant's baby. The clerical jurymen are said to have wept as they declared his guilt. What was the matter? Did they fear they too might be found out?

SOUTHERN Virginia is becoming quite Corsican with its prevalent vendetta. Three families have been engaged for five years in exterminating each other, and four murders have been achieved so slyly that the hangman hasn't had a chance to get a square grip on a victim yet.

OSCAR WILDE had a rough time in Boston with the Harvard students. They attended his lecture in a body, all wearing sunflower *boutonnieres*, and they punctuated his speech with most ill-timed applause and a merciless geying. How he bore it without losing his temper is a marvel.

THIS has been a tough winter for "poor Jack" thus far, and many a time when rudely shaken up in the grip of Old Neptune, and almost face to face with Davy Jones, the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" has come near forgetting to keep up his watch as per traditional promise.

WHEN the brother officers of a detective in Colorado envy him his fame, they get him into a fight with roughs, pretend to guard him and let the mob over-power them and lynch their rival. Such process insures rapid promotion in the force and gives a chance to Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest.

A HANDBILL calling itself the *Cleveland Sunday Sun*, has been bulldozing theatrical shows for "ads" and free tickets. Why don't managers "sit on" these pretended journalists who are only graduated tramps and mendicants in luck. This reflected *Sun* hasn't the brilliancy of the genuine luminary, but gives only a reflected light like the shimmer from the green and stagnant surface of a noisome pool. Faugh! Is there no journalistic disinfectant in Cleveland?

## EXTRA

### SULLIVAN WINS!

Ryan Unable to Come Up After Nine Terrible Rounds in 26 Minutes.

A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE BATTLE AND RECORD OF EVENTS PRECEDING IT.

### A HURRICANE FIGHT!

THE JOURNEY TO THE RING, THE BETTING AND THE EPISODES EN ROUTE.

Pitching the Ring and Settling the Distinguished Visitors into their places.

Terrific Slugging All Around the Circle.

Complete Special Telegraphic Description of the Affair by the Police Gazette's Corps of Special Correspondents.

MISSISSIPPI CITY, Feb. 7—2:48 P. M.

The great battle between the pugilists, Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., came off at this place. There was a crowd of about 2,000 persons in attendance. The trains were delayed on the road for three hours, and much impatience was manifested. Every disposition was manifested, however, to work the match out to a satisfactory end, and beyond the usual delays in such cases there was nothing occurred to mar the smoothness of the preliminaries. These were soon settled and the referees were chosen after some further argumentation. Two gentlemen were finally found willing to act Messrs. Brewster, of New Orleans, La., and Hardy, of Vicksburg, Miss. These officials being installed the men and their seconds appeared.

They were greeted with cheers and a wild enthusiasm prevailed. Ryan was seconded by Johnny Roche and Tom Kelly, while Joe Goss and Billy Madden acted in the same capacity for Sullivan.

Both men showed the effects of their careful training, and when they walked to the scratch with their seconds to interchange the usual formal civilities, there was a look of courage and determination in the face of either that augured well for a great encounter. The first round marked the character of the fight as a rusher from the word go. There was little time wasted by either man. They got at their heavy work from the start and it was hammer and slug right through.

Early in the fight Sullivan won the first blood by a clipping blow that left its mark and resounded with a sickening thud all around the ring.

He followed this by a clean knock down blow that carried Ryan off his feet and laid him prone his full length on the ground. The excitement was very great at this point, and the Sullivan crowd burst out into loud cheers.

Paddy was game throughout, and came up like the Trojan he is before the sledge-hammer blows of his antagonist, getting in with vigor and a gameness that were declared admirable on all hands. He was making a gallant fight in every respect, but after the fifth round it was detected by his friends that Sullivan's blows were telling the more severely. Ryan showed signs of distress, but was prompt in his response to the call of time, his friends, who were present in great numbers, cheering him on with wild cries and points of advice in regard to the aiming and landing of his blows.

He kept his head well and fought a tactical battle, but his opponent's rushes were terrific, and left him no alternative but to be with him in the sledge-hammer business. After the sixth round in which Sullivan delivered some of his most powerful blows in rapid succession with but light return, it was evident that Ryan was losing ground rapidly, and thereafter it was a foregone conclusion that Sullivan must win. Nine desperate rounds had been fought in twenty-six minutes, when on the call for the tenth the gallant Trojan was unable to respond to the call. All that his seconds could do for him could not bring him into trim to face his opponent at the scratch within the stipulated time, and the fight was there fore awarded to Sullivan.

Throughout Ryan made a gallant fight and bore his punishment manfully. He was terribly punished and showed the signs of it in his body and head. No man could have borne such a succession of terrible blows with a better grace.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, on hearing that Ryan had lost the battle immediately telegraphed him: "Dear Paddy—Am sorry you lost the fight. Can I do anything for you? Am willing to back you again for \$5,000." Mr. Fox also telegraphed his representative in New Orleans to make offers to Ryan of all the services he desired and to give him all the comforts money could buy.

THE *POLICE GAZETTE* has entered as its champion an Unknown for the great six-day go-as-you-please race in which Rowell will participate.

### SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

ADELINA PATTI is called the Diva, because she's such a diver into the pockets of the opera going public.

A CLERGYMAN says: "A young woman died in my neighborhood yesterday while I was preaching the gospel in a beastly state of intoxication."

"WHAT is that, mother?" "It is the Legislature, my child." "What does it do, mother?" "It repeals acts passed by the last Legislature, my child."

COL. MOONEY, who won \$1,000 on the late election, bought his wife a pair of solitaires with the money. She approves of that kind of election-earring.

WHY are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would all men should do unto them.

NOT too funny: "Dwo vas schoost enough, bbut dree vas too blenty," remarked Hans when his best girl asked him to take her mother along with them to a dance.

A "LADIES FOUR" has lately been seen on the river at Oxford, in England, manned (or rather womanned) by students of the high school. Among this fair crew is the daughter of one of the professors.

"LOOK at the sacque race," exclaimed Charlie Tradollar, as he saw three or four women rushing into a fur store. "Never mind," said Spicer, "there's the furrier. I guess seal skin then before they get fur."

THERE was once a woman who could carry an umbrella without scratching the points across the face of every person on the same side of the street. She was a side show with a circus, and was 812 feet high.

WHEN yesterday I asked you, love,  
One little word to say,  
Your brother interrupted us,  
So please say Yes-ter-day

THE Modern Argo claims to have overheard Ben Butler mutter something like the following: "I see that Mrs. Langtry has gone on the stage and achieved success. We professional beauties have brains as well as good looks."

A WOMAN just married, wishing to impress her husband with her abilities as a housekeeper, bawled out to the servant as he entered the door: "Matilda, bring me the wash-board, I want to wash the potatoes for dinner."

SAID the sailor to his sweetheart: "I know that ladies care little about nautical matters, but if you had your choice of a ship, what kind of one would you prefer?" She cast down her eyes, blushed and whispered: "A little smack."

SHE had him: He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair-rail said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady, and further remarks were unnecessary.

EMORY STORRS recently delivered a lecture at Lewiston, Ill., on "The Good Old Times." The Chicago *Journal* remarks that Mr. Storrs has had as many good old times as any man in Illinois, but it doubts whether he revealed all that he knows on the subject.

A CLERGYMAN in Connecticut is preaching a series of sermons on the behavior of people in the house of God. His first sermon was on "How to Walk to Church," on which a cotemporary suggested: He should have begun with "How to get up Sunday morning."

SIGNORA SIGNALE is the name of an Egyptian songstress, with a charming voice. She has lately escaped from the harem of the khedive. Bahl! We Americans can discount that. We have actresses and singers on the stage who belong to harems and haven't taken the trouble to escape from them.

JOE SHUTTLE has abandoned going to the theatre altogether. When he wants an evening's enjoyment he hangs his wife's new Rembrandt beaver hat on a gas bracket, sits behind it and looks at it intently. He gets just as much satisfaction as he would by going to the theatre, and saves the price of a ticket.

"I think," said an old toper, who was consulting a physician about his failing eyesight, "I think if I should wear a pair of goggles they would benefit my eyes, eh?" "Just the thing," replied the physician, "get a pair by all means, and fasten them tightly over your mouth. That'll fix your eyesight all right."

THE old man sighed as he took the golden-haired, laughing boy upon his knee, and stroking his shiny tresses, said: "Ah, how much I would like to feel like a child again." Little Johnny ceased his laughter, and looking soberly up into his grandfather's face, remarked: "Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"

A COUNTRYMAN who had selected a seat at a theatre from which he could obtain a good view of the stage, was greatly discouraged when a young lady wearing a fashionable hat sat down in front of him. He bore the infliction in silence as long as he could, and then, bending forward, said politely: "Please, Miss, would you be so kind as to lower your umbrella?" She lowered it, amid the applause of the audience.

MARY had a vaccine scab  
Upon her snow white arm;  
She warned her beau to that effect,  
For fear he'd do it harm;  
But when they came to part that night,  
She gave a mighty grab  
And whispered "hug me awful tight,  
And never mind the scab."

A PRETTY superstition in vogue in some parts of France makes the young girls who are in want of husbands pluck a little branch of an apple tree as they are returning from mass on Christmas night. This branch they place in a bottle full of water hung up in front of the window of their chamber. If one of the buds bursts before Easter the girl may be sure that she will be married before the end of the year. This is called a *Paques fleurie*.

As part of the mourning for the Empress and co-Regent, who died in April, the Chinese were forbidden to shave for a month. At Foo-chow the Mayor, finding that the order was disregarded, made a raid on the barbers' shops and sixty culprits found there were fined, severely bastinadoed, and had their shaven heads painted bright blue—the color for mourning there—and nicely varnished. They further had to present themselves weekly for fresh coats of paint and varnish while the mourning lasted.



## Lives of the Poisoners.

### HOW THEY KILLED AND WHAT THEY KILLED WITH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

#### CHAPTER X. CUPIDITY'S CRIME.

Mary Ann Williams was born at Ross, Eng. At the age of 19 she found employment in Bristol, where she lived as mistress with a tailor named Agar. Agar was already married and his wife made him so much trouble that he had to abandon his leman, when she became the mistress of a gentleman's servant named Thomas. She left him to live with a man named Wade, who kept a clothes shop on the quay at Bristol. Wade was also steward of a steam packet and kept lodging houses and while he was away at sea his mistress, who went by the name of Mrs. Wade, attended to his interest in the last line.

In 1833 Mrs. Wade was at the head of a lodging house belonging to her lover in Trinity street, Bristol. Among her lodgers was an old widow named Clara Ann Smith. Mrs. Smith took a great fancy to her landlady, who showed her many kindnesses and when she fell ill in September, 1833, insisted on being nursed by her. In October the old woman died.

Mrs. Wade insisted on burying her late lodger at her own expense, selling what few effects she had left and making up the deficiency expenses out of her own pocket. Shortly afterwards she furnished her house in a superior style and she and Wade embarked in what for people in their condition were suspicious extravagances. Some time after Wade died and his mistress married a clothier from America, named Burdock.

The marriage had scarcely been completed when strange people began making inquiries at the house about the woman Smith. A nephew of hers came from Wales to make inquiries as to the disposition which had been made of her property. Mrs. Burdock's replies aroused suspicions and eventually, in 1835, nearly 15 months after the old woman's death her body was exhumed.

Medical attendance divulged that she had been poisoned with arsenic.

Mrs. Burdock was arrested and brought to trial at the ensuing Bristol assizes. The prisoner stood at the bar with great firmness and the indictment having been read she pleaded in a clear tone of voice not guilty. Her general appearance seemed to make a favorable impression; her figure was good. She was inclined to be portly. Her countenance was handsome, of a florid complexion, with a clear skin, dark hair, large dark eyes and aquiline nose and she was altogether of a very pleasing appearance.

It was shown that the deceased lady was formerly a Miss Lumley but was subsequently married to a Mr. Smith, who carried on business in the old market. She became a widow about five years before her death and from the time of death of the husband she resided at different places in lodgings until at length she died about the 26th of Oct., 1833, at the house of the prisoner.

Mary Allen, the mother of a young girl engaged by the prisoner to wait upon the deceased, said she recollected Mrs. Burdock coming to her house and engaging her daughter in October, 1833, to wait upon Mrs. Smith. She stated that Mrs. Smith was a dirty old woman and that her daughter must not on any account touch anything after her, as she was in the habit of spitting in everything. She said the old woman was a foreigner and came from the East Indies.

Mary Ann said that she had seen the prisoner put a yellow powder into the deceased's gruel. Mrs. Burdock came up stairs after tea and asked Mrs. Smith how she was and Mrs. Smith replied "very poorly."

Mrs. Burdock then asked her if she would take anything and she replied "no."

Mrs. Burdock said, "Have some gruel," Mrs. Smith said, "No, my mouth is so sore."

Mrs. Burdock then said, "Do take it, there's a good soul; I will go and make you a nice drop of gruel," and Mrs. Burdock then left the room and went down stairs.

In about a quarter of an hour Mrs. Burdock came up stairs again and walked into her own bedroom. From where she was witness could see the door. Mrs. Burdock had a candlestick in her hand with a dessert spoon in the candlestick, and in the other had a blue half-pint basin of gruel and a blue paper in the same hand done up as a powder. Witness followed Mrs. Burdock into the room and Mrs. Burdock asked her what she wanted and witness replied, "Nothing."

Mrs. Burdock then placed the basin, candlestick, powder and spoon on the chest of drawers. She opened the paper and pinched up a small bit of powder out of it and put it into the gruel. There was a white paper inside the blue paper. The powder was yellow. Witness asked her what it was and Mrs. Burdock replied, "Oh, it is nothing, it is only something to use her, she is so griped."

Mrs. Burdock put two pinches of powder into the gruel in witness' presence. She then went to the wash-hand basin and washed her hands

and threw the water into the slop pail outside the door. Mrs. Burdock then washed her hands a second time and scrubbed the nails of one of her hands with a nail brush. She wiped her hands and then stirred the gruel with a spoon. Witness said to her, "What a curious way to give a powder. Would it not be better to mix it up in a drop of water in a tea cup?"

"Mrs. Smith would not take it for she would think we were going to kill her," was the reply. "Don't you tell Mrs. Smith that I am in the bedroom but say that I shall be up directly and don't tell her that you saw me put anything in the gruel, she is so deep."

Shortly afterward Mrs. Burdock administered the deadly potion to her victim. The old woman rolled about the bed in great agony. Her murderess stood coolly by until her agonies ended in death.

Immediately she was dead her assassin set to work to plunder her. Shortly before her death the old woman had drawn from the bank nearly £1,000 that belonged to her. She had valuable gold watches, costly jewelry and good clothes. All of these vanished. Her funeral, as has been already stated, was ostensibly defrayed by her murderess.

Edward Evans, a seaman, sworn, deposed that at the time of the deceased's death he was also a lodger in the prisoner's house. The prisoner asked him about six days before the deceased's death to purchase two pennyworth of arsenic for her, as there were rats under her husband's bed. She gave him the two-pence and he went and had a can of Burton with it. When he went home at night the prisoner asked him if he had bought the arsenic and he said he had not. He then went and borrowed two-pence of Mr. Russell and as the druggist wanted a witness he took him as a witness as well as a man named John Johnson. Mr. Hobbs, a druggist, said he recollected the man Evans coming for two pennyworth of arsenic. He would not sell it to him alone and then he brought Russell and Johnson.

Upon this evidence Mrs. Burdock was adjudged guilty and sentenced to death. She asserted her innocence, but previous to her execution confessed to having administered the poison which, she said, Wade had induced her to procure for that purpose, he being insolvent and in want of money. She was executed on April 15, 1835, in the presence of more than 50,000 people.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### A GANG OF SWINDLERS.

[With Portraits.]

A gang of New York swindlers who have been making a harvest for several years by crooked processes and knavish devices calculated to deceive the confiding rustic mind have been brought at last to judgment through the intelligent efforts of Mr. Comstock and his detectives as already briefly reported in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE. We give this week the portraits of this plausible gang, Herman Gueke, John H. Bodie and Don Childs, and outline their methods in order that the public may be warned and that visitors to the great metropolis may be ready for the advances of rogues. They operated through the firm of Hawkins & Co., 868 Broadway. The Hyams brothers, who were involved in the affair, turned against the three men named above, on the plea that they were themselves victims of their arts and the trio were convicted.

On the 15th of September Mrs. Mary Carter, of Philadelphia, answered an advertisement of the rogues for a partner. Charles represented Hawkins and pretended that he owned a printing press which he worked at a profit of \$40 a week. She purchased a half interest for \$500 and remained in an attic for a week watching the old machinery and vainly waiting for orders to come in. Then Childs induced her to sell out her interest to a gentleman whom he introduced. This gentleman gave his note for the sum and this was the last of Mrs. Carter's \$500.

This is only one of the many similar schemes with which this gang of rogues is credited and the evidence was so clear against them that there was not the slightest difficulty in securing their conviction. There are many more like them in the great city who have gone unscathed as yet, however, and visitors on whom they prey can keep their money only by being well posted in the latest tricks of the swindlers. The only way to assure this knowledge is by being a close and thoughtful reader of the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE of New York, in which all the latest dodges of city rogues are promptly revealed.

#### WHO OWNED THE CALF?

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Superior Court of Fauquier County, Va., was puzzled over a cow case last week. Two parsons, the Rev. Mr. Colbert and the Rev. Mr. Whitmore claimed the same calf as their exclusive property. The lawyers on either side had presented testimony and arguments in such profusion that the Court was completely bewildered, and could not decide. At last a lucky idea struck the judge. "We'll follow the course of Solomon in this case," said he: "Bring in the cow." Whitmore's cow was brought into the court room and the calf made an immediate and greedy dash for its udder, at which it fed contentedly. This evidence was deemed conclusive. The calf was given to Whitmore, and Colbert had to pay \$13.90 and costs.

## WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

### Tender Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Tea Table Gossips Enjoy.

EMMA SHIFFLET, a beautiful young lady of West Alexandria, O., died and was hastily buried last week. The family doctor and her relatives said she had small pox. The nurse swore she hadn't, but that either a rape or an abortion had been perpetrated on her. The body is to be exhumed, and the mayor has found it necessary to swear in thirty deputy marshals to preserve the peace in case the autopsy reveals malpractice or any crookedness, as many threats have been made against the doctor.

THE church committee in the case of the Rev. O. O. H. Hoffman, of Bloomington, Ill., accused of the paternity of his maid servant's child, has declared him guilty. His letters confessing the crime to the girl were placed in evidence, and compared with his sermons showed all the marks of authenticity. Evidence was also adduced that he had taken liberties with many ladies of his congregation, and had solicited amorous favors from fresh and blooming members of his flock. When the evidence was all in, and before the retirement of the committee to deliberate on the verdict, the clerical Lothario blandly requested them to unite in prayer with him, which was done without bringing about an earthquake or the falling of the heavens. Now the girl is going for him in the courts, where the juries do not weep when they give adverse verdicts, as was the case with the church committee.

A WELL known doctor of Mount Gilead, O., had been in professional attendance for some time on a beautiful young girl, who had been living out with his next door neighbor's family. It was several weeks ago, and on a Sunday night. The family in which the girl worked had all started to church, and were on their way, when suddenly the husband concluded he would go back and have the girl accompany the family to religious worship.

Upon nearing his home the gentleman noticed a man drive up in front of the house, and then turn his horse into the woods and tie it. This circumstance, of course, excited the gentleman's curiosity, and he immediately went into the house to look further. In looking through the house he failed to see his hired girl, but stumbled on to a little note lying on the window-sill of the girl's room, and containing the mysterious sentence, "Meet me at the old place." This served to increase his inquisitiveness, and not knowing what the welcome would be, the gentleman called two of his neighbors to his assistance.

In a short time they saw the girl and the mysterious man emerge from the woods and enter the house. The two neighbors were then stationed at the window of the girl's room on the outside of the house, and the owner went in to acquaint himself with the mysterious inmate. Getting to the door of the girl's room he found it locked, but without hesitation he knocked it down and nabbed the frightened M. D. as he was complacently sitting astride of the window sill with his pants in one hand, his boots in the other, and a bare leg in the unmerciful grip of the outside watchers. Explanations were useless.

#### COLLEGIANS ON A LARK.

A Crowd of Lively "Sophs" Have a Midnight Orgie With a Party of Young Ladies.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Owl Club, composed of sophomores of the Vermont University, at Burlington, Vt., have raised a scandal. They took out a party of young ladies—beautiful but giddy things—for cooing sport one night last week and after much hilarious fun smuggled them into their room in the college building after midnight. Having provided themselves with whiskey, sherry, cigars and cigarettes for the girls the graceless young scamps whooped things up very lively.

The young women are daughters of the most respectable citizens of the town and among them was a young woman on a visit from Omaha who led in the scene of revelry and went to the most audacious lengths. The noise made by the wild party awakened one of the old professors and just at the peep of day he shuffled along the dark, echoing halls, candle in hand, guided by the noise in the room of the revelers. He opened the door and witnessed the scene at its wildest height and in all its richness, and as may well be imagined was horrified. The young ladies were bundled out of doors in a hurry and the young men suspended and cited to appear before the faculty. The story of course leaked out, was made the topic of a Sunday evening sermon at one of the churches and is at present under secret investigation. The interested parties now claiming that the Omaha girl was taken sick and that she was carried to the room simply to rest. It is reported that the affair is to be hushed up as far as possible.

The gossips of Burlington are no "slouches" when it comes to nosing out scandal details and they will probe the matter and yank out its true inwardness—depend upon it. The Omaha girl is said to be inspired but by one fear—that her old pap may hear of it away out in Omaha.

It is rumored, however, that the faculty have satisfied themselves of the nature of the racket, the lads have been working and expelled

from the college Geo. H. Lesser, a junior, from Houston, Texas, and Edward B. Kent, a sophomore, from St. Albans, Vt., but none of the racy details brought out at the private examination are given to the public.

#### A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

On the 1st inst., at Kingstree, S. C., Anderson Singleton and Lucinda Tisdale attacked and murdered Phoebe, a sister of Lucinda, in her residence. Singleton first struck her on the head with an axe. As she fell Lucinda sprang upon her and plunged the blade of a long knife into her heart. Singleton then carried the body on his shoulders and threw it into a deep gulch near the house. Singleton had been paying attentions to the murdered woman, but falling in love with Lucinda asked Phoebe to release him. This she refused to do. Then her sister and her lover decided to kill her. Both Singleton and Lucinda are in custody and heavily ironed. The citizens are terribly excited and threaten to lynch the pair.

A HORRIBLE stabbing and shooting affray on the Lanier plantation near Danville, Va., on the 31st ult., in which four persons were mortally wounded. The King and Slate families, near neighbors, have long been deadly foes. Mother Slate, the head of the Slate family, and Mrs. King, the boss of the King breed, had a dispute. King attacked Slate with her teeth, biting her savagely in the face and chewing off one of her ears. Mrs. Slate called for her son George but before he could reach the scene Mrs. King drew a knife and plunged it into the breast of Mrs. Slate, mortally wounding her. George retaliated by stabbing Mrs. King several times. Her screams brought Thomas King whom George Slate also stabbed several times. Before he fell, however, he drew a pistol and shot Slate. The whole four will die. And thus the two families are wiped out and peace reigns in the neighborhood.

JOHN STREICK, a wealthy man, was robbed and murdered near Pittsburg on the 1st inst. He was found before life was extinct but he could only say, "Follow them up," and expire. He was shockingly mutilated. There is no clue to the murderers.

THE dead body of Thomas Backins, a prominent young man of Lancaster, S. C., was found on the 1st inst. in the pit of a gold mine near that place. His throat had been cut from ear to ear and his pockets rifled.

#### HOW HE KEPT THE GIRLS WARM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young ladies' school near Harrisburg, Pa. is run on a scale of infinite meanness. The school trustees are of known penuriousness, and their management of the advanced institution which is supposed to fill the full measure and design of a normal college is very mean indeed. During the cold snap about the second and third weeks in January the supply of fuel gave out and there were no means of warming the school. The old professor appealed in vain for relief. The trustees had made their arrangements and the coal could not be forthcoming until the lapse of a week. At the coldest point in the cold wave, with a blizzard prevailing outside, the old professor found himself freezing. He arose from his desk and tramped up and down the floor in a lively and warming saltatory measure. The young ladies timidly followed his example. This gave the old man an idea.

"Scip," he cried to the old negro janitor, "bring up your fiddle and play us a tune; we'll all have a dance. We'll keep warm, anyhow, young ladies." The fiddle was brought, scuffling jigs was started and the stately old scholar and the flippant, giddy young things, his pupils, engaged in a warming worship of Terpsichore in which occasional lapses towards a thoroughly French abandon would have shocked the mean old trustees had they been present to see the results of their failure to furnish coal in sufficiency to warm the girls without fanning their inward flames to furnish the healthful glow requisite for the comfortable pursuit of their studies.

#### MURDER LET LOOSE.

A Record of Villainous Deeds Inspired by Avarice or Malice.

MRS. JOHN I. CONNERS, of Washington, D. C., the wife of a wealthy contractor, was shot dead through the window of her house on New York avenue in that city on the evening of the 29th ult. The murderer is unknown.

At Mendota, Ill., late on the night of the 28th ult. Will Foss and one Weygandt, returning home from the theatre late at night, paused in front of James Kidd's house and drawing their revolvers began to fire at a dog in the street. Weygandt's shot whizzed by Kidd, who was standing on the sidewalk, and he thinking the two strangers had attacked him whipped out his revolver and plumped a bullet into Foss, who fell mortally wounded. So the fresh youths didn't kill the dog after all and paid dearly for their idiotic fun.

At Goodman, Miss., on the 29th ult. two punctilious Southerners, a Mr. Lester of Indiana, and Dr. S. B. Clayton, of Mississippi, jostled each other on the street. As nothing but blood could set things as right as they were before, the doctor from Mississippi shot Lester of Louisiana, killing him instantly.





CHAWED UP BY A HOG.

A FEROCIOUS PORKER ATTACKS AND KILLS A COLORED PARSON'S MULE AND THEN GOES FOR NIGGER MEAT, AT SANDERSVILLE, GA.



A TOUGH CONVERT.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER INDUCES A HARD CASE OF BEDFORD, ILL., TO JOIN HER IN PRAYER IN CHURCH AND LOSES HER WATCH WHILE SHE PRAYS.

#### Elopers in Luck.

While it may be true, as a general thing, that "the course of true love never did run smooth," nor never will, yet lovers often tumble into unexpected good luck. For instance, there was a pair of lovers residing near Laurelville, O., whose courtship had lasted a year, but had been rudely interrupted in December by the discovery by the old man how the land lay. The irate father of Miss Irene Getzler incontinently fired out Mr. Jake Dockrell, the sighing swain, and offered him the hospitalities of a shot gun, if he ever dared to appear around the house again. The young man was game though, and the young girl dead in earnest; so on Friday night a week ago, she dropped from her bed room window into her lover's arms, and he, hitching up the old man's team, drove off intent on skirmishing for a parson to make the pair one. The prospect was a dreary one, and the way was long. It was feared that the old man would miss his daughter before any one could be found to tie the knot, and then the jig would be up, for her recapture was certain. As they rattled along in the moonlight, there emerged from the darkness of a wood ahead of them an old-fashioned gig, in front of which was jogging a fat and lazy mare. The reins were held by an old man of benignant expression. Just as the two vehicles were about to pass each other, the young man drew up his horse and commanded the other to stop.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

"I," repeated the startled stranger; "I'm the Rev. Mr. Stoops. I'm on a visit to my daughter who lives—"

"A parson!" cried the lover; "Get right up. Out with your prayer book. We want to be married right off and right here."

As he said this, he covered the preacher with a revolver, all parties arose in their vehicles and thus the marriage ceremony was performed with the laughing moon as a witness. The minister received his fee, was enjoined to secrecy, and each party went its way rejoicing.



"MARRY US OR DIE!"

A PARSON ON HIS WAY HOME FROM PRAYER-MEETING IS FORCED TO MARRY AN ELOPING COUPLE AT THE MUZZLE OF A PISTOL BEFORE THEIR PURSUERS CAN ARRIVE; LAURELVILLE, O.



EDWARD WOOD,

ALIAS CHARLES DE FORREST, THE FAMOUS TRUNK THIEF OF CHICAGO.

#### Edward Wood, the Trunk Thief.

A famous Chicago criminal is one Edward Wood, alias Charles De Forrest, who has made a fine living in Chicago for several years as a trunk thief. Several weeks ago he was taken

into custody for a daring operation, and later the police managed to get on the track of his wife and recovered from her the contents of trunks to the value of \$4,000. The case that has brought Wood up with a round turn dates back to May, 1881, when Mrs. Kirchaw, the wife of a wealthy Milwaukee brewer, started on a trip to Europe, taking with her a trunk containing among other things jewelry valued at \$3,000. She checked the trunk to New York, but on boarding the steamer found that it had

not arrived in New York. The police traced it to Chicago, but there all trace was lost. Meantime the trunk robberies continued and the railroad companies continued to pay the value of the goods stolen, notwithstanding they had detectives under heavy pay to repress or detect the rogues. The thief was finally caught in a small affair and then his whole record came out. On the 6th ult. a traveling salesman for the clothing firm of Clement, Bane & Co. sent three large sample trunks to the Union depot, Chicago, by an expressman, with instructions that they be left in the baggage room to await his coming. Some time afterward he did come, and found that one of the trunks, containing \$496 worth of sample overcoats, had been checked to Milwaukee by another man. The drummer lost his temper and the trap, and reported the robbery at police headquarters. The astute detectives "tumbled" without delay. Here was the handiwork of "their men," without a doubt, and the baggage men in Milwaukee were furnished with "pointers" forthwith. Following the trunk Milwaukeeward, it arrived in the St. Paul depot, was speedily taken in charge by a man who claimed to be its owner, and removed to the Northwestern depot. Here its alleged owner asked to have it checked back to Chicago. But the discreet master of checks had been posted, and was not disposed to be accommodating. He made delays, and meanwhile managed to have officer Kennedy, the company's watchman, called in. That officer parleyed with the man with the trunk till he was sure he was right, and then he arrested him. Of course the man was Wood, alias De Forrest, alias Koch, the trunk-thief. Then the detectives found Mrs. Kirchaw's property and much more in the hands of the thief's wife, and both were locked up to await trial.

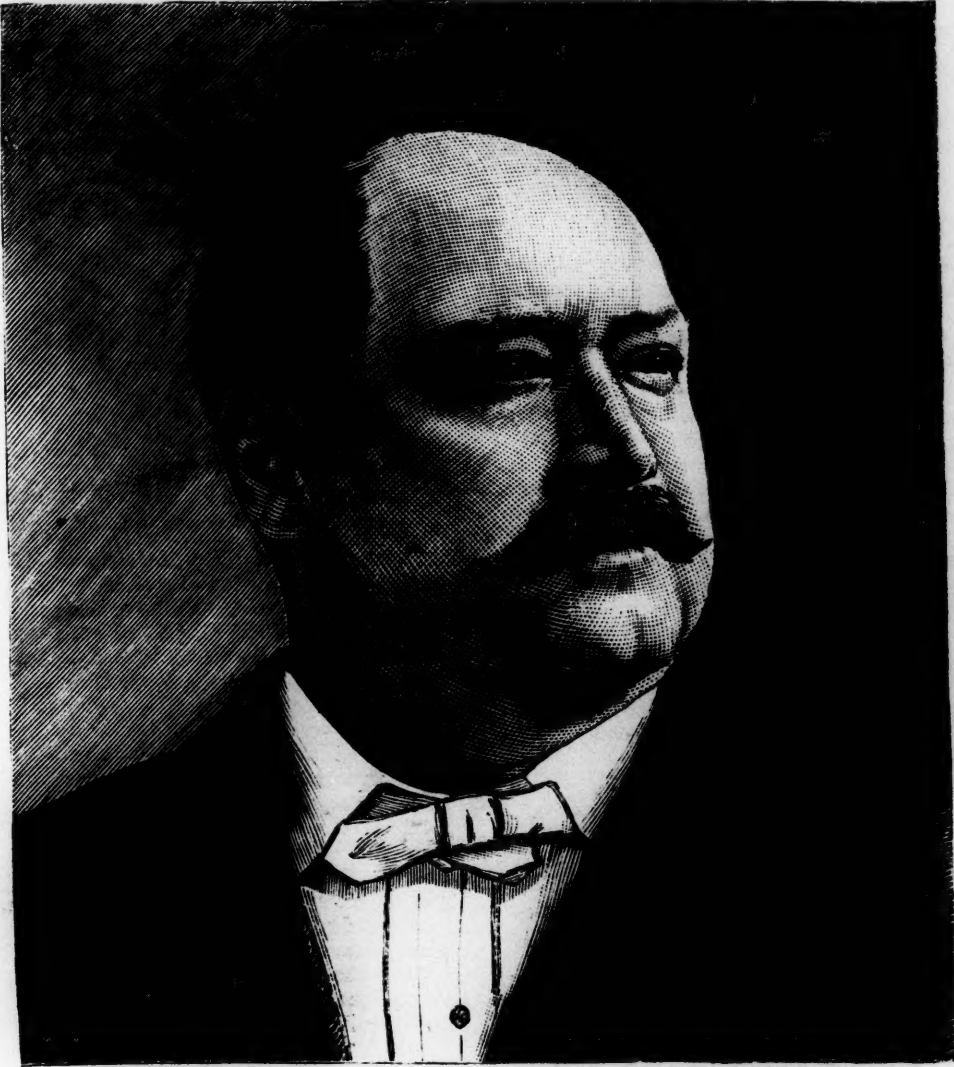
THOS. J. MELVIN, the polygamist of Monticello, Me., who escaped from jail in Andover a couple of weeks ago, is known to have married six young women successively, with several families yet to be heard from.



GEORGE HART,

MURDERER; ESCAPED FROM HALL COUNTY, NEB., JAIL.





SIGNOR ERNESTO ROSSI

[Photo. by Saroni.]



MAUDE GRANGER.

[Photo. by Gilbert &amp; Bacon, of Phila.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

**A Landlady's Revenge.**

At Allentown, Pa., a pretended manager of a snide dramatic company had lived for several weeks in a boarding house kept by a fiery tempered old lady who had not received a cent from him. He had an oily tongue and a theatrical manner, and found it easy to "stand off" the old lady. At last, on Jan. 23, the "grand artist" concluded to skip for the sunny Rialto where actors most do congregate, on Union Square, New York. He did not venture to move his trunk, for the landlady's eye was upon him. She saw him go to the depot and her suspicions were



OFFICER DRISCOLL,

OF THE BUFFALO POLICE, MAIMED BY A ROBBER.

aroused. She broke open his trunk and found in it only five bricks and a soiled paper collar. Then she felt justified in taking the law into her own hands and went for the villain. She met him on the platform. The train was just bowling in and there was a great crowd. Rushing up to him she gave him a kick in the back and a punch on the nose, and before he could shake himself together she raised his hat from his head, and out dropped two pairs of soiled socks, a comb and brush, and an old shirt or two. He had packed his wardrobe in his hat when he skipped. He was the observed of all observers during the journey to New York, but not at all abashed, he is now daily posing airily in Union Square waiting for a "snap" in which he will engage to play anything from Legree in "Uncle Tom," his favorite part, to Hamlet or Macbeth.

**An Embezzler in Demand.**

We present this week a portrait of J. Robert McKnight, a very plausible and cunning fellow who skinned the confiding people of Frith, Nebraska, out of \$3,000 by the most simple processes and then blithely made his way to Canada. They want him to return to Frith so bad that Mr. O. Evans, the city marshal, offers



J. ROBERT MCKNIGHT,

EMBEZZLER; WANTED AT FRITH, NEB.

a reward of \$1,000 to anyone who will induce him to return.

**A Gallant Policeman.**

In this issue we present the portrait of patrolman Driscoll, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has made a fame for himself by a very game fight some days since with a notorious thief. A ruffian named Thos. Healey was caught stealing from a freight car. After a desperate fight in which the officer was knocked down with an iron bar and got his jaw broke, Driscoll raised himself on his elbow and brought down the thief with a shot in the leg. When he had sufficiently recovered he summoned assistance and took his man in.



THE LANDLADY SEIZES HIS TRUNK

HOW A BOARDING-HOUSE BEAT WAS EXPOSED AND HUMILIATED BY A DECEASED HUSBANDY QUEEN, AT ALLENTOWN, PA.



A HORSEMAN ON FIRE.

HOW A RECKLESS EQUESTRIAN AT GASSVILLE, ARK., WAS SET AFLAME BY A SPARK FROM HIS PIPE AND TOOK A THRILLING RIDE.



## A HERMIT CANNIBAL!

**A Monster of Alford, Mass., who has Murdered and Eaten Many Victims. Pickling His Victims, Living on Them and Selling the Surplus to Butchers for Prime Mess Pork.**

More revelations have come to light in the horrible deed of the Alford, Mass., hermit, which was illustrated in the *POLICE GAZETTE* several weeks since. It will be remembered that old Beckwith, a hermit living in a hut in the wilderness, murdered Simon A. Vandercook, a woodchopper aged 55 years, and cut up his corpse. Beckwith was 70 years old but powerful and tough. When the police broke into the abandoned hut in search of the missing Vandercook, Beckwith having fled, a sickening sight was presented.

In the stove, one of the ordinary box pattern, were discovered the head, feet and one hand of a human body, charred and blackened by fire. In an adjoining room lying alongside was found the rest of the body, the trunk split through, several ribs split off and the entrails taken out and lying in a basket near by. Great slices of flesh had been cut from the arms and legs. The clothing of the murdered man lay in a heap beside the body which was fully identified as that of Vandercook. Its back bone had been taken out and burned and a wound from some sharp instrument was found on the body near the shoulder. The remains were deposited at Green River, a small village near the town of Austerlitz, N. Y., in a hog pen, and all who wished were at liberty to paw over the mutilated fragments.

The latest developments in the case, however, are the most horrible of all. The theory is, and it is said to be a well founded one, that Beckwith is a cannibal. It is thought that he intended to eat a portion of Vandercook's body, the liver of the victim having been found in the frying-pan and portions of it gone. The murderer had also, it is said, washed his victim's remains and otherwise prepared to salt them down in a barrel to serve as a supply of food during the winter. That Beckwith's stomach was not too fastidious for this sort of diet would seem to be implied by the remark of a stage driver: "That Beckwith ate one of his horses that died from disease early this winter." Some of the people of Alford say they had heard the murderer boast that he had eaten human flesh in Australia and could do it again if necessary. It is called to mind that an old lady named Mrs. Willsby Peck went botanizing on a mountain in the vicinity of Beckwith's cabin several years ago, and has never since been seen. At the time of her disappearance 100 men made search for her. Now Beckwith's recent crime gives color to the suspicion that he also murdered this woman and perhaps ate portions of her flesh. When Beckwith was last seen in Great Barrington a few weeks ago he inquired of one of the butchers whether the latter wished to purchase some pork. When his cabin was searched soon after the murder no pork or other provisions of any account could be found and the startling query is now raised among those possessed of vivid imaginations whether he intended to sell human flesh as pork.

Beckwith's cabin has been burned and it is reported that there has been found beneath the rubbish a subterranean passage in which it is thought that the remains of a hundred parsons have been buried. The authorities were so tardy in stirring in the matter after the terrible crime had been discovered that the murderer managed to get away. He was seen several times at points distant from the scene of the tragedy, but as no one seems to take a special interest in securing his arrest it is not believed he will ever be arrested.

### MORMONISM'S CRIMES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The episodes of Mormonism illustrated with this issue are fully described in the great book "The Mysteries of Mormonism," written by the wife of an eminent elder and published by Richard K. Fox at this office. The following extract from that thrilling work describes the blood-curdling tragedy which forms the centre of our 16th page:

"Blood atonement, all denials to the contrary, is practiced to-day as frequently as it was twenty-five years ago, though not so openly. There are no coroners in Utah and when a body is in death it is simply buried. Poison does the work and there are no inquiries. When a man gets tired of his wife he poisons her if he anticipates the least trouble in obtaining a divorce.

"Mrs. Maxwell went to Salt Lake City with her husband in 1869. Two years afterward her husband took another wife and one year subsequently he was sealed to a third. Mrs. Maxwell had two sons, aged respectively 14 and 16 years. Their father urged them to go through the Endowment House and become Mormons bound by all the oaths of the church. Mrs. Maxwell objected and in order to prevail over her sons she told them the secrets of the Endowment House.

"The penalty for revealing these secrets is dismemberment of the body, the throat cut and tongue torn out.

"Mr. Maxwell overheard his wife, being in an adjoining room and forthwith he informed the elders, who sent for the unfortunate woman and her two sons. They were taken into

what is called the "dark pit," a blood-atonement room under Brigham Young's house. The woman was then stripped of all her clothing and then tied on her back to a large table. Six members of the priesthood then performed their damnable crime; they first cut off their victim's tongue, they then cut her throat, after which her legs and arms were severed.

"The sons were compelled to stand by and witness this terrible slaughter of their mother. They were then released and given twenty-four hours to get out of the territory, which was then an impossibility. The sons went directly to the house of a friend, to whom they related the butchery of their mother, and obtaining a package of provisions they started; but on the following morning they were both dead. "They had met the Danites!"

### ASSASSINS OF THE DARK CITY.

**A Murder Mystery Solved by the Confession of the Young Man who Killed Louis Hanier.**

Louis Hanier, a Frenchman, who kept a wine and beer saloon at 144 W. 26th street, New York, was murdered on Dec. 30, 1881, by burglars whom he surprised in the store late at night after it had been closed up. The detectives have since been searching for the murderer. They got on the track of the man through finding his revolver in the pawnshop where it had been pledged the day after the murder. The name given at the pawnbroker's was Evans, but the police learned that the real cognomen of the party was Mike McGloin, a bad character aged 19, an ex-convict and leader of a gang of young thieves who infest West 29th street. A dive in West 27th street kept by a colored pugilist was their headquarters.

McGloin was shadowed for a long time before all the facts were gathered in shape to warrant his arrest. One night by order of Inspector Byrnes, an officer was sent into the saloon while McGloin was there, and posted up on the wall just over his head a handbill issued by the police offering a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the murderer of Louis Hanier. A disguised detective was in the bar-room fraternizing with the gang and remained there playing cards. When the uniformed officer had gone out McGloin said to Banfield, one of his pals:

"Say, did I weaken or turn white when he hung that thing over my head?"

"No," replied the other; "Mike, you've got a hell of a nerve."

This being reported to Inspector Byrnes, he was sure he was after the right man, and McGloin was arrested. He confessed. The gang, he said, had an idea that the Frenchman had much money in an old pocketbook in his money-drawer, but when they broke into the saloon found that it was stuffed with old paper instead of bills. While they were gathering up some cigars to carry off, the Frenchman was heard descending the stairs. The burglars fled, McGloin first going to the hall and firing at the figure on the stairs to frighten the man off from attempting a pursuit.

This settles one of the murder mysteries of the metropolis, and adds another to the crowd of murderers awaiting the hangman's attentions in the Tombs.

### \$32,000 WORTH OF REVENGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Scenes which are not down in the bills are frequent enough, but it is rarely that they assume such an eccentric form as one of recent occurrence in a western theatre. At the house in question an actress had occasion to perform, but who it was averred, in times gone by, figured as the faithless sweetheart of an eminent sport in that very city. That gentleman hearing that his light of love was about to appear in a new line, visited the theatre to see for himself whether or not it was really she. The memory of past troubles caused him to drink rather more than was good for him, and when he took his seat in the parquet near the stage, he was in a great measure incapacitated from acting with coolness and judgment. He believed he recognized the woman as the one who had caused him so much sorrow and trouble. His feelings got the better of him, and standing up in his seat he exclaimed:

"You —, you cost me \$32,000, you cost me \$32,000, and I'll cut your d—d heart out!"

This outcry brought one of the members of the company to her assistance, armed with a property revolver, and the air was full of war and rumors of war until the police arrived. The \$32,000 victim was led out and the play went on. Whether the object of his wrath was herself or somebody else has not yet been published. If she was he certainly should be satisfied with the quality of his revenge.

### HOW SHE CONVERTED HIM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Young Haines was one of the worst fellows of Bedford, Ind., and when he went forward for prayers in a revival meeting, with an air of deep contrition, a daughter of the pastor knelt by his side to give him consolation and advice. After the services were over the girl missed her gold watch, and it was conjectured that Haines had stolen it. She would not believe this, but went with the party who set out to follow him. They found him on his knees under a tree, and for a moment they thought he was praying; but a closer inspection showed that he was burying the watch.

## CROOKED CAPERS.

**Scrapes and Scandals of all Sorts and from all Quarters.**

THEY are trying to impeach Judge Cox of St. Paul, Minn. The testimony against him is to the effect that he not only drank but poured it down; that he passed weeks in riotous living with common street walkers; that he was often drunk on the bench and that on one occasion when he was so far gone that the court had to be adjourned the counsel for the plaintiff and defendant in the first case on the docket carried him to his room in the hotel, threw him on the bed and played a game of cards on his stomach.

A young stranger sauntered into a revival meeting at Carlisle, Ind., and listened to a stirring exhortation to repentance. He went forward when repentant sinners were invited and wept as the brethren prayed for him. When questioned he said he was Arthur Thomas, a burglar; that he had come to the village to open safes and had entered the church to kill time; that he was truly repentant and wished to confess robberies which he had lately committed in neighboring towns. A sheriff who happened to be present arrested him and found the tools of his calling in his pocket. He is to be tried for the crimes of which he accused himself.

NINE months of hard and ingenious labor by Johnny Sansome, a convict in the prison at Folsom, Cal., enabled him to escape. By thrusting a wire down between the granite blocks in the floor of his cell he discovered a cavity underneath, which was an abandoned sewer. With a chisel, which he smuggled in from the workshop, and a heavy piece of wood he broke one of the stones. This required a month because he could only strike a blow when a door was closed or some other noise was made to hide it, and he frequently sat up all night without being able to strike more than once or twice. In the daytime he was in the shop. After removing the half square of granite he dug slowly down through three feet of stone and cement, first boring a hole and afterwards letting the chips fall through it. At the end of three months he got into the sewer and found it plugged with stone and cement ten feet thick at its former outlet. The remaining six months were spent in digging through this obstruction. He worked at night and naked, leaving his clothes so arranged in bed that the guard supposed he was in them. Foul gas in the sewer nearly suffocated him, loss of sleep made him ill and his weight fell off 25 pounds. But he got out at last. Within three hours an officer recognized him and he was again a prisoner.

### DEFT OF THE BOLD BANDIT.

**Jesse James, the Kansas Outlaw, Reads the Riot Act to the Detectives and the Human Race Generally.**

The famous Jesse James, the bandit of the West, has sent an audacious manifesto to a Kansas City newspaper for publication to the world. It is as terrible in its orthography and its grammar as in its tenor. Here it is:

Gaylord Kans January 1882—Kans City Eyng Stra Dear sir I have lately bin reading so much about me and my friends in your Paper Som is tru and som is fals. I do denie writing the Statement I Read was written at Oak Dale Californie stating I was going to leave this country it is fals I was in urope for two year I have been back one year the 20 of Decembre I was in Kansas City from Christmas to New years Night. I will be back the 30 of this month I delle aney man to arest me or eney of my companun.

We are giting our men to gether you can look out or you will hear from us soon We all enjoy good helth the Night the Poleas went to hunt us I and Frank was in Kansas City was at the train when they started. I want you to publish this for me and stait your price for trouble.

I would like to inter view one of your Porters I was in your office the 23 of Decembre and will call again when I git back I leave Gaylord to Night and go to Read Clod Nebit will be a cold drive but I must go I remain Your Fried

JESSE W. JAMES.

Bandit Chief,

Pleas Publish this as Soon as you get it they will be the biggest up said ever was befor.

### DEEDS OF DARING.

**Acts Inspired by Gallantry, Courage, Devotion and Wickedness.**

FRANK HERALD, the lawyer, counsel for John P. Cole, the Topeka merchant who had Lewis N. Barnes arrested on a charge of attempted blackmail, was shot at twice through the window of his house two weeks ago. He suspected that Barnes wished to stop the law proceedings and had hit on the lawyer's murder as a means to that end; so he had Barnes lugged up again on a charge of adultery. Immediately after Barnes was bailed out Herold's house was set on fire; the night after his barn was fired and totally destroyed, and one night last week another shot was fired at him, narrowly missing his head, but no evidence could be gathered that would fix the crime on Barnes. The lawyer finds criminal practice very risky in those parts, and anticipates a fourth and fatal shot before his case can be reached on the docket.

JUDGE PRICE and Capt. Hampt Turner, two lawyers of Chester, Miss., had a dispute during the trial of a cause and adjourned to the street to settle the matter. The judge killed counsellor Turner and that settled the legal complications.

DICK RAYMOND, alias Frank Hart, escaped from the penitentiary at Fort Madison, Iowa, in September last, by cutting a hole through the roof and letting himself down from the prison wall by a rope made of his blankets. He was sought for three days, and finally two weeks after the body of a man, with no more raiment on than a convict shirt and the features swollen beyond recognition, was found in the river. The remains were buried as those of Raymond; but last week he was found alive in St. Louis, Mo., by two Fort Madison detectives and taken back to jail.

### JUDGE LYNCH CUTS LOOSE.

**The Famous Dignitary Cleans off His Docket With One Fell Swoop and Little Fuss.**

The details of the Seattle, Wyoming Territory, lynching given in brief in the columns of the *POLICE GAZETTE* last week are interesting as showing the uncertainty of a murderer's life in those parts. A citizen named Geo. B. Reynolds had been attacked, robbed and fatally wounded in the streets one night in the early part of January. When he died, the next night at 12 o'clock, the fire bell was tapped three times three and two hundred men met at the engine house. They formed a vigilance committee to aid the police and were told off in squads to hunt for the murderers. Two men named Howard and Sullivan were captured that night and put on trial the next day. The testimony was conclusive against them.

While the trial was in progress within, the Committee was preparing for an execution outside. When the evidence was all in and the judge was saying "I now remand the prisoners —" a wild shout arose, the officers were seized, and the prisoners grasped by a score of resolute men. They were hurried out to the public square where a rude gallows had been erected. In a few minutes the ropes, already prepared, were around their necks and they were swung off.

The mob had its blood up and was only half appeased. Men began to talk over the murder of David Sires, which had occurred last October, and to remark that still the murderer, Benjamin Payne was alive in the jail. At 1 o'clock the fire bell was again tapping ominously, and again the Committee assembled. Five hundred men were present this time, and they unanimously decided that it was time the murderer of Payne should die. They went in a body to the jail, broke down the fence to the yard, chopped away the first door with axes, and smashed in the second, an iron one, with sledge hammers. Payne was seized, dragged out to the square and hanged without formality. Several suspicious characters left town the next day, the spectacle of summary justice meted out to murderers evidently convincing them that the locality was an unhealthy one for persons of their constitution.

### CRIME IN MASQUERADE.

**How a Coterie of Villains Amuse Themselves and Mock at Justice in their Prison.**

Cincinnati has a pretty nest of murderers in jail at present, chief among whom is the ruffian McHugh, a red-handed murderer who is sure of the hangman's noose, is the leading spirit, and inspires all the grim merriment of the dismal quarters. He sings, dances, spouts, mimics variety stage business, and is the life of the gang of gallows fruit clustered in cells about him. One morning last week when the murderers and several other criminals were let out into the corridor to take exercise, they organized a mock court, with a judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, and counsel for the prisoner. McHugh appeared for the defence. Louis Baker, recently arrested for criminal assaults on children, was tried by this court on a charge of rape. The mock testimony against him was overwhelming, but McHugh argued emotional insanity and won his acquittal, the jury bringing in a verdict of "justifiable temporary madness."

John Reeder, a young colored murderer, is another character of this strange party. His cell is the very pink of neatness. On the walls he has posted up the following rules in his own handwriting:

#### RULES OF THIS BOUDOIR.

1. Good Christians will not look at the pictures on the walls.
  2. Good-looking ladies will at all times be admitted—as far as the cell door.
  3. Girls will take notice that the occupant is "engaged."
  4. Do not spit on the carpet.
  5. Parties may be annoyed by the crank in the next cell, but Reuben (Joe Eckert, the murderer) is not dangerous.
  6. Girls will please stay as long as possible.
  7. The door is generally closed for fear of horse-thieves.
  8. Visitors can stay for meals if they so desire.
  9. Occupants will not be turned out if board bills are not promptly paid.
- Take them for all in all, the jailor says this is the hardest set of criminals he ever fell in with.



## SLOSSON TAKES THE CAKE.

The American Gives the Churlish Frenchman a Cold Laying Out.

Slosson Wrests the Championship from Vignaux by the most Brilliant Billiard Play on Record.

The third attempt of the American billiard expert Slosson to carry off the championship from that cranky, churlish and in every way disagreeable person, Vignaux, of Paris, France, was made on the evening of Jan. 30 and being continued through five evenings to a triumphant end for the American. The match was 3,000 points up for a stake of \$2,000 and was to continue five evenings or longer, the limit of each evening's play being 600 points. On the first evening Slosson made the highest average on the record at the champion game and ran the night's string out in twelve innings. At the end of the evening's play Slosson had made 600 points, his average being 50, while Vignaux had scored 340 with an average of 28.

The second evening, the 31st ult., Vignaux made a brilliant dash, finishing the evening's play with a total of 1,200 points to his credit. This evening Slosson added only 208 to his string, leaving his total at the end of the second night's play at 808. Vignaux's average 30 6-7, Slosson's 7 3-7.

On the evening of the 1st inst. the international match was resumed. Slosson made up his deficit of the night before and ended with a total of 1,800, while Vignaux added 485 to his score, making his total 1,685. Slosson's average 76, Vignaux's 38.

On the fourth night, Feb. 2, Vignaux made a run of 304 but was unable to catch up with Slosson, who played with unprecedented brilliancy. The American closed the evening's play with a total score of 2,400, while the Frenchman left off at 2,084. Vignaux's average 55, Slosson's 75. Schaeffer, the American rival of Slosson, at this stage of affairs offered a challenge to the winner of the match.

The last night of the match, Feb. 3, play was resumed at 20 minutes past nine. The excitement in Paris was very great and the hall was besieged. In the rush of eager spectators the doors were broken down and many bruises were suffered. Many distinguished Frenchmen were present. Marshal McMahon tried vainly to get into the room and was obliged to go away disappointed. Before the game was resumed the marker announced the total score up to the previous evening—Slosson 2,400 Vignaux 2,084.

Slosson continuing his interrupted break ran 17, followed up in the next inning by 136, Vignaux in the second inning making 87, when for some time open table play and small scores were the rule. In the 7th inning Vignaux ran 119, missing on a masse shot. Both players had been playing for safety, but in the 11th inning Slosson made 185 and in the 13th 95. At the thirty-seventh shot in this run a dispute arose, Vignaux claiming no count, Slosson having the balls on the rail. The referee decided in favor of Slosson, which caused great applause. Vignaux getting nervous hereabouts went to pieces. He knew he was playing an almost hopeless game. At 20 minutes past 11 p.m., interval ten minutes, called score then standing, Vignaux 2,343, Slosson 2,792. Slosson just completed the 13th inning. In the 16th inning Slosson made 88, following it with 11 and 48. Meanwhile Vignaux had made 44 and began the 18th and last inning, making 153 by open table play chiefly.

Slosson then took up the cue, and by careful open table play railed the balls, and at 12:30 A. M. ran out amid deafening cheers. The score stood: Slosson, 3,000; Vignaux, 2,553. There was immense enthusiasm, and Slosson instantly offered Vignaux his hand; Vignaux refused to take it and was roundly hissed by his own countrymen for his churlishness. Thousands congregated outside the Grand Hotel. When the final scores were posted a rush was made to the doors. Slosson with difficulty got away from the curious and enthusiastic crowd. Slosson's average the last night was over 31. The total number of innings for Slosson from the beginning of the match was 79. Vignaux's average was nearly 26. During the entire match Slosson displayed more skill in crossing balk lines and equalled Vignaux in open table play. A banquet was given to Slosson and the press at the Grand Hotel on the night of the victory.

Previous to the opening of the evening's play Vignaux had stated in billiard circles that in the event of his being defeated he would demand an opportunity for revenge in an eight days' game of 4,000 points.

Now Slosson has on his hands Mr. Schaeffer, who is eager to wrest the international trophy from him, and Vignaux will try his best to make the young American's life miserable until he has given him satisfaction in an eight days' game. It is said in French sporting circles that the match just finished was really for ten thousand francs, and a fair division of the gate money between the two players. The attendance was very large, and therefore the men have each raked in a small fortune. "The excitement in New York during the match ran very high, and thousands of dollars changed hands on the result."

The news was received by Slosson's brother in his billiard saloon every night and as the telegrams assured him that the American was

leading with tenacity and the prospect of victory became more and more assured as the match approached its end, the excitement raged high. The event has made a healthful revival of billiards in the metropolis in giving the game a renewed and deeper interest than ever.

## FIENDISH TORTURE OF A CHILD.

Devilish Torments Invented and Imposed on a Little Girl, Arouse Judge Lynch in Illinois.

The village of Rock Falls, Ill., is in an uproar. It appears that a Mrs. Bolton, whose husband is in the insane asylum, has the care of eight children. About a month since the youngest girl, 7 years old, went to live with a man and woman named Seymour, and on the 30th ult. word reached the mother that her child was being abused. She went to Seymour's to inquire into the matter, and found the child in a horrible state from beating and starvation. It was taken away, put under a physician's care, and warrants issued for the arrest of the guilty parties. Last week a great number of people visited the child, and the examination so maddened them that one night last week about 10 o'clock, from twenty to thirty disguised men went to Seymour's house to lynch him. Word came to the man and his wife and they fled. The residence was searched and a number of other houses examined, but he was not caught. The child is small for its age, and Seymour compelled her to feed and take care of a horse and bring in coal. He confined her in the cellar at times all day without food or clothing except a thin dress, punished her with a horse-whip until the surface of the entire body was black and blue and sore, and would toss her to the ceiling and let her fall on the floor.

He prevented her going out doors more than once a day, and then when her clothes were soiled compelled her to clean them with her tongue. He insisted upon the child standing on one foot, and then when she would become exhausted whipped her with a horsewhip. No species of cruelty seemed too severe to adopt toward the child. The people of the village are determined to have the fellow punished, and will leave no means untried that will reach that result.

## ERNESTO ROSSI.

(With Portrait.)

In Europe it would be unnecessary to address to the public a word of introduction respecting the Italian tragedian, Ernesto Rossi. His reputation is continental. He is as well known in France, Germany and Spain as he is in Italy, for he has acted in the great cities of all those countries. His name is also familiar in England. In South America, too, Rossi is known and honored. It is in the United States only that his fame is comparatively strange. In his native Italy, with the stage of which he has been connected for more than twenty-five years, Rossi is regarded as the peer of Salvini. They have long divided public attention in that country, just as Hodgkinson and Cooper did in the early days of the American theatre, or as Forrest and Booth, and Booth and Irving have done in a more recent period. Critical judges are not wanting who declare that Rossi is superior to Salvini. To American readers these statements announce an exceptional fame.

## A VICTIM OF BAD LUCK.

A retired merchant of New York named Moses Herzog, aged 60, who lived alone in one of his houses in the metropolis, set fire to his house and then committed suicide by hanging himself to the beam of a transom over his bedroom door. The fire was extinguished with difficulty and the man had choked to death by the time the firemen fought their way through the smoke to the room. He had passed through a life of struggles, with bitter disappointments confronting him at every turn. First he spent his early days in hard labor and lost the savings of years in one day's unlucky speculation. He went at it again and after years of toil gained enough to start in business and made a fortune. Then he retired to enjoy it. His wife, the youthful companion of his poverty, died at this time when he hoped to settle down and share with her the fruits of their labor. This last blow broke him down. He became morose, melancholy mad and his suicide ended his life of perverse fortunes.

## GUITEAU BREAKS OUT AGAIN.

Guiteau has been at his old antics again. On the 3d inst. Mr. Seville made his motion for a new trial. Judge Cox had granted Guiteau the privilege of occupying at the table with his counsel during these sessions and of course he abused the liberty given him. Seville and Corkhill had a hot altercation in court, the former accusing the latter of having his friends send him, Seville, small-pox virus in letters. Guiteau intercepted several of his wolfish snarls in the course of the row. Referring to the jury he said: "A good jury? A grog jury, a whiskey jury? A cigar jury; a jury that plays cards. Oh, yes, a very good jury?" Then he laughed like the arch fiend and retired behind a sardonic Mephistophelean smile peculiar to himself. The case has degenerated into a mere wrangle of old fogey lawyers and will continue to be without interest until the day for the hanging arrives.

## MATCHES NOT MADE IN HEAVEN.

Cases in Which Angels Prove Devils and Hymen's Torch is Hell Fire.

SIMON STERN, son of a wealthy New York merchant, fell in love with Annie Lederman, of Philadelphia, and last September the pair were betrothed in due Hebraic form. They were to have been married last week, but although the bride and guests were there and ready, the bridegroom did not appear. He was recognized at a Hebrew ball a few nights after, and arrested. The young woman charges with seduction under promise of marriage.

Dr. JOHN H. WILSON and Dr. Mary March, of Cleveland, O., consolidated their respective practices by marriage. There was an agreement between them that, as far as practicable, all the male patients should be attended by the husband and the females by the wife. In pursuance of this plan, Mrs. Wilson sent Mr. Wilson with a note introducing him to an ailing merchant, and assuring the patient that though she could no longer doctor him, she would never cease loving him. Wilson surreptitiously read this, and at once terminated the professional as well as the marital partnership.

THE divorce proceedings in the Dane, Wis., County Circuit Court, which have resulted in the separation of ex-Gov. William R. Taylor and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Keyes, have caused a good deal of gossip in social and political circles throughout the State. The bills were filed and the decrees granted in both cases almost before the public knew anything about them. The causes assigned by the husbands for asking a separation were widely different. Mr. Keyes alleged that his wife's unfortunate and uncontrollable fondness for drink made his life unendurable and set an example for his sons, now approaching manhood, which was pernicious in the extreme. Gov. Taylor, on the other hand, set up the claim of desertion and incompatibility, the latter having been caused principally by his wife's extreme temperance ideas, which, the Governor declares, she forced upon him on all occasions for the purpose of annoying him. Citizens of Madison and people throughout the State who attended social gatherings at the capital were not ignorant of the unhappiness which long existed in these families. During the administration of Gov. Taylor it was several times hinted that, while he and his wife sometimes appeared together on state occasions, it was for the sake of appearances, and that there was no affection between them.

## ARIZONA BILL'S FATE.

A Hero of the Savage Border Falls Victim to the Lawless Mob.

A special correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE, at Hualapai Canyon, Arizona, writes under date of the 8th ult.: Our citizens in the vicinity of Pitman Valley were recently thrown into excitement by the killing of one Collins by Deputy Sheriff William Lewis, alias Arizona Bill, whose photograph appeared some time since in the POLICE GAZETTE, and the subsequent lynching of Lewis by the friends of Collins. It appears that it being Christmas, a number of men from Price and Kings R. R. Camp were at Pitman Valley drinking, and most of them being more or less intoxicated a fight ensued. One of the belligerents, a friend of Collins, appearing to get the worst of the affray, being down with his opponent upon the top of him, Collins stepped up and presenting a cocked revolver, demanded that his friend be let up.

Lewis, seeing the movement, as quick as a flash presented his revolver at Collins' head ordering him to drop his weapon. Collins not complying Lewis fired, the ball taking effect in the head producing instant death. Lewis then surrendered himself to his partner, Deputy Sheriff Ed. Whipple, who stated that if he would surrender his arms to him, he, Ed. Whipple, would defend him with his life if necessary. He was then placed in a log house and two guards placed over him.

A short time afterward a crowd of Collins' friends visited the house and demanded that Lewis be turned over to them, which the guards did without the least show of resistance. After shooting him three times, one ball breaking his right arm and another entering his shoulder, they dragged him to a tree and completed their work by hanging. Their act is universally condemned by all law-abiding citizens. Whipple is blamed for his dereliction of duty and treachery to his friend, for so far from trying to defend him, it is said he assisted in the barbarous outrage. Although it is admitted by all that Lewis acted a little hastily, still in this country where firearms are brought into such frequent requisition and on such small provocation, it is only reasonable to suppose that when a man is ordered to drop one and refuses to do so, he intends to use it. Arizona Bill was known as a brave man, and had "done the state some service."

## MAUDE GRANGER.

(With Portrait.)

A native of New England, Miss Granger is one of many beautiful women and able actresses whom that section has contributed to the American stage. Although her ability is by no means of unlimited scope, and there is

nothing versatile in her art, Miss Granger in her special line is an artiste of power and well deserves the favor our public bestows upon her efforts. She will be seen at her best in the round of parts she is now impersonating with the Union Square Company at Niblo's Garden, New York.

## POOR JENNIE CRAMER.

A New Phase in the Case of the Murdered Girl and Fresh Evidence at Hand.

The counsel for the prosecution in the Jennie Cramer case at New Haven, Conn., are jubilant over a new phase of the evidence they have collected. Blanche Douglass has decided to testify against the Malley boys, and will be one of the principal witnesses for the State in regard to the death of Jennie Cramer. It is known that she has talked with her counsel about the matter and they will not deny that she intends to testify against her old associates. Blanche says that her first acquaintance with Walter Malley commenced six months before her first visit to New Haven. She was then living in New York. Walter proposed that she should come to New Haven. She objected at first, but eventually consented. She went there with John Duff, Jr. The first time Jennie Cramer came with the party was in July when there was a ride to Buell's Hotel, at the East Haven shore, just after Blanche arrived. John Duff, Jr., wrote the note which invited Jennie Cramer to be of the party and signed James Malley, Jr.'s name to it. Then Blanche came to one night's occurrences at Foote Redcliffe's Building. Walter, Blanche, James and Jennie Cramer had been riding. Instead of returning home they were driven to the Foote Building, where Walter and James Malley, Jr., entertained them. While there Walter and Blanche Douglass slipped off in one room by themselves, and left James Malley, Jr., and Jennie Cramer in another room. While Blanche was in the room with Walter she heard Jennie Cramer call out repeatedly, "Don't! don't!" and directly Blanche and Walter came out and all went home.

On Monday night, August 3, Jennie Cramer (who had already told her mother that she was suspicious of Blanche Douglass and the Malleys) went to Blanche Douglass' rooms at the Elliott House. James Malley, Jr., was there when Jennie came in. James urged Jennie to go up to Walter Malley's house and she finally consented. When at the Malley house Blanche Douglass was not sick, according to her confession, but only feigned sickness to induce Jennie to stay. While the young men and Blanche Douglass were urging Jennie to remain James Malley, Jr., picked her up and carried her struggling up to a room above, where he passed the night with her. Jennie's outcries were such that Blanche, alarmed, urged Jennie for fear that it might alarm the neighbors. Blanche spent Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights (the latter was the one Jennie died) with Walter Malley at his own home, she claimed. The body of Jennie Cramer was discovered at West Haven on Saturday morning, August 6. Blanche next told the jury that Sunday afternoon and evening, after she had been forced to remove from the Elliott House to the Austin House, she was occupied with Walter and James Malley, Jr., and John Duff, Jr., who had been summoned hastily from New York, in concocting a story he told before the Coroner's jury. The Malleys had already engaged counsel. Half a dozen stories were proposed and rejected. Finally the one used was agreed upon. It was decided that all the party should insist that they never saw Jennie Cramer alive later than Thursday noon.

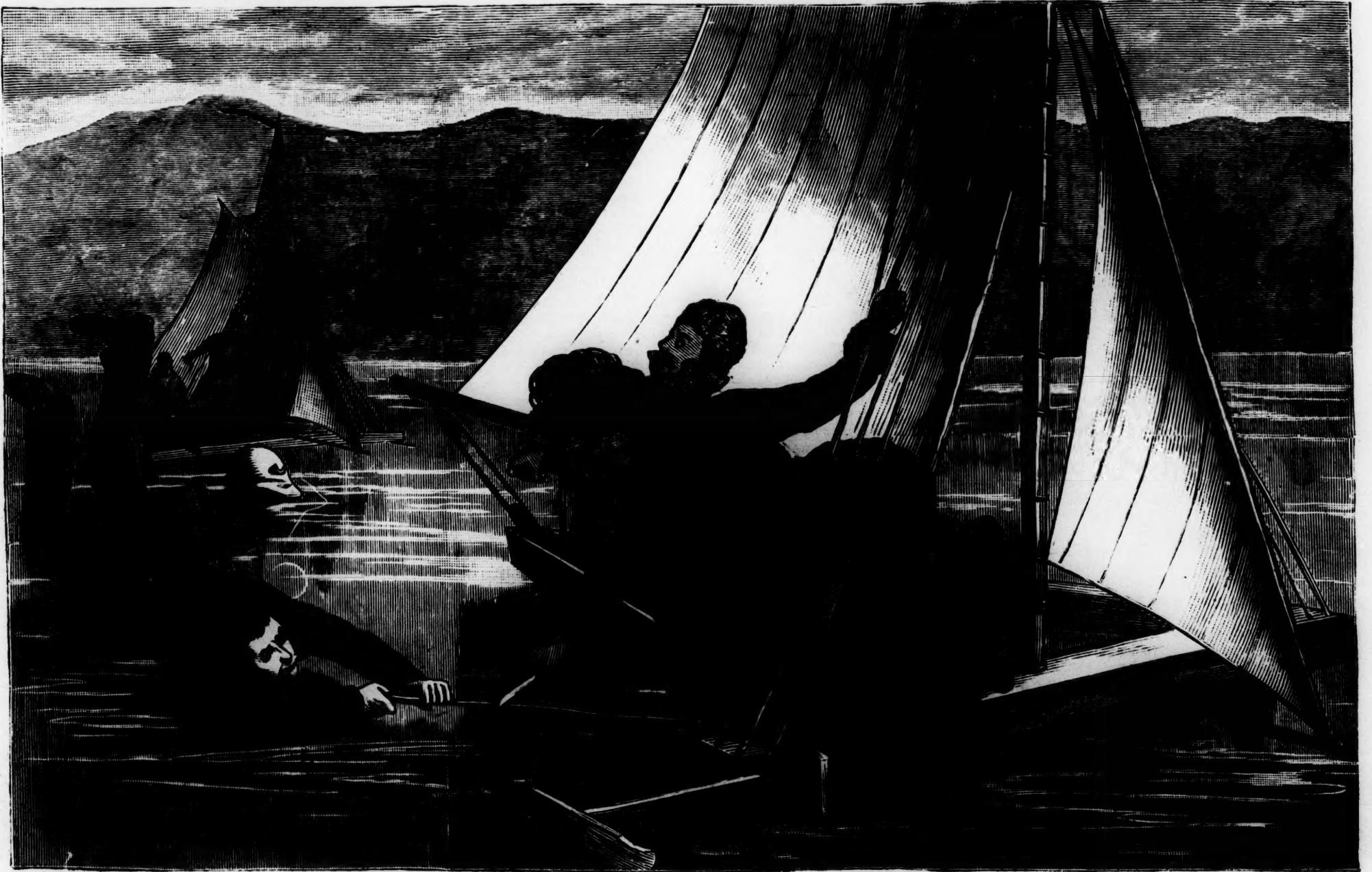
## GEORGE HART, ESCAPED MURDERER.

(With Portrait.)

On the night of Jan. 17th, George Hart, a murderer imprisoned in the Hall County jail at Grand Island, Nebraska, escaped by boring a hole from his cell to the office, and breaking open a window. He was on the police force of Grand Island for two years. In 1881 he murdered one Michael Cress in a bar-room, attacking him without warning or provocation and shooting him three times while he was sitting in a bar-room. He was intoxicated at the time he committed the murder. Several men had been wounded by him in previous drunken rows. The Sheriff and his posse are out on a grand hunt for the murderer, but thus far he has laid low and there is no sign of his trail.

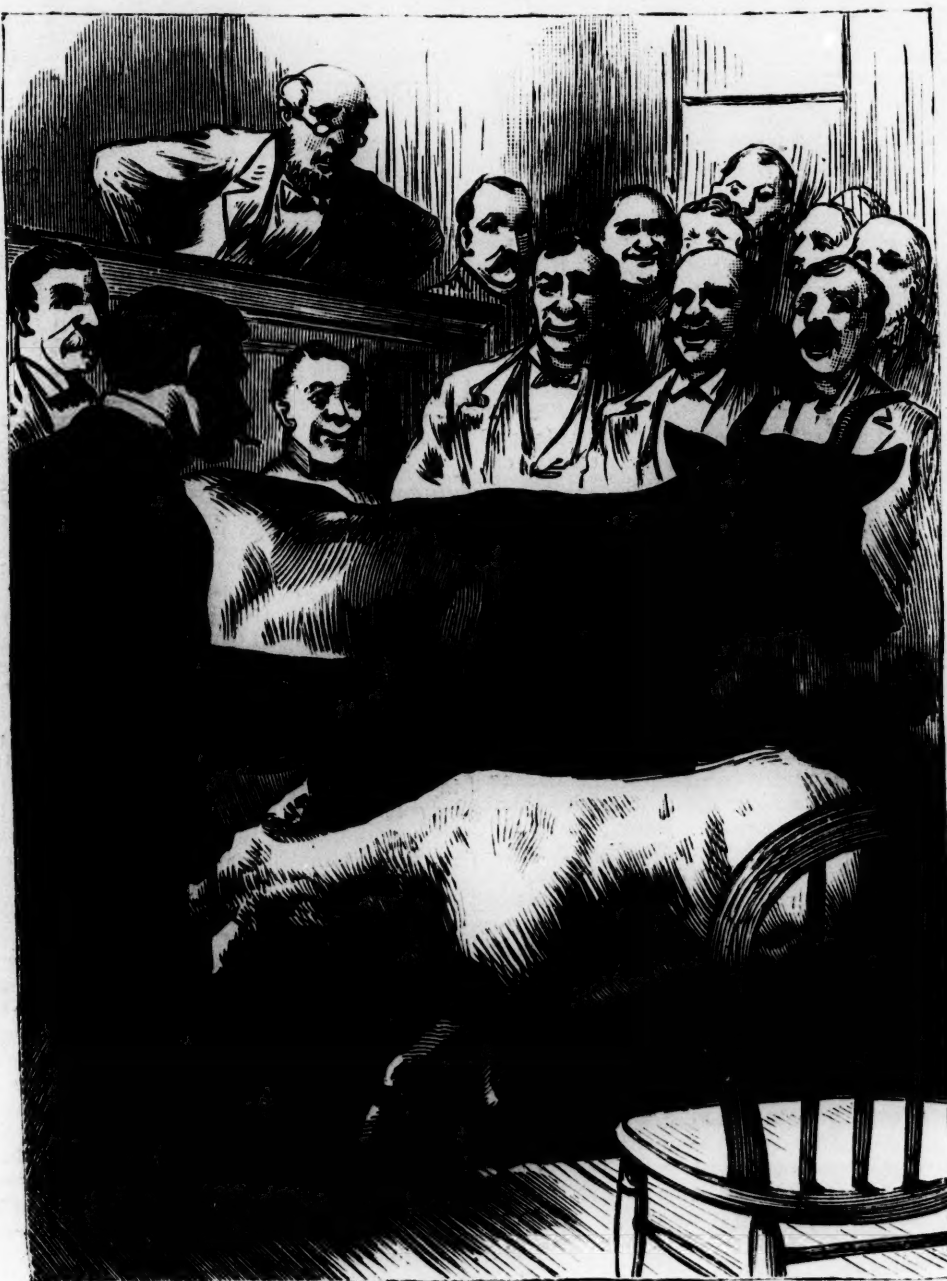
At White Oak Creek, four miles from Georgetown, Ohio, lives an old farmer named Joe Hiller, who has no faith in banks and who has preferred to hoard up his money to trusting it to the mercy of defaulting cashiers. Neither would he invest in real estate because he thought lawyers too dishonest to give clear titles—the only point on which his head was exactly level. Well, the other night (the 22d of January) while he and his family—consisting of his wife, a grown son and daughter and a grandson aged ten years were grouped together about the hearth, a band of four masked men rushed in, knocked the old man over with the flat side of a hatchet, because he resisted, and tearing the bedclothes into strips bound the entire party. After a short search they found the old man's money in a box under the bed and made off with it. The contents amounted to nearly \$4,000. Hiller had private marks on every bill and piece of money, and says he hopes to identify it yet.





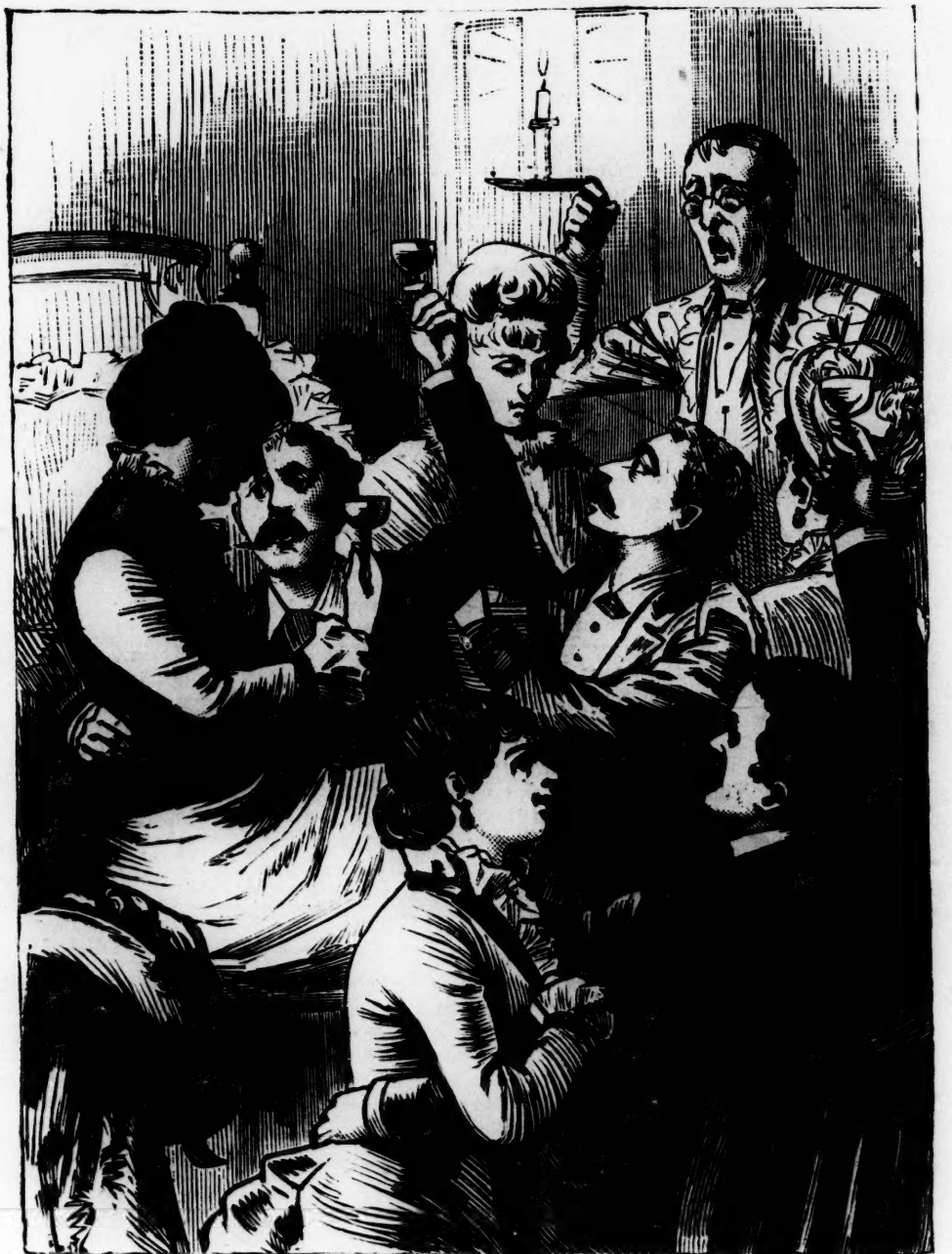
A RACE FOR A BRIDE.

THRILLING CHASE OF AN ELOPING POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., COUPLE, BY A FLEET OF ICE YACHTS ON THE FROZEN HUDSON.



WHO OWNS THE CALF?

A FINE LEGAL POINT SETTLED BY PUTTING A COW ON THE WITNESS STAND IN FAUQUIER COUNTY, VA.



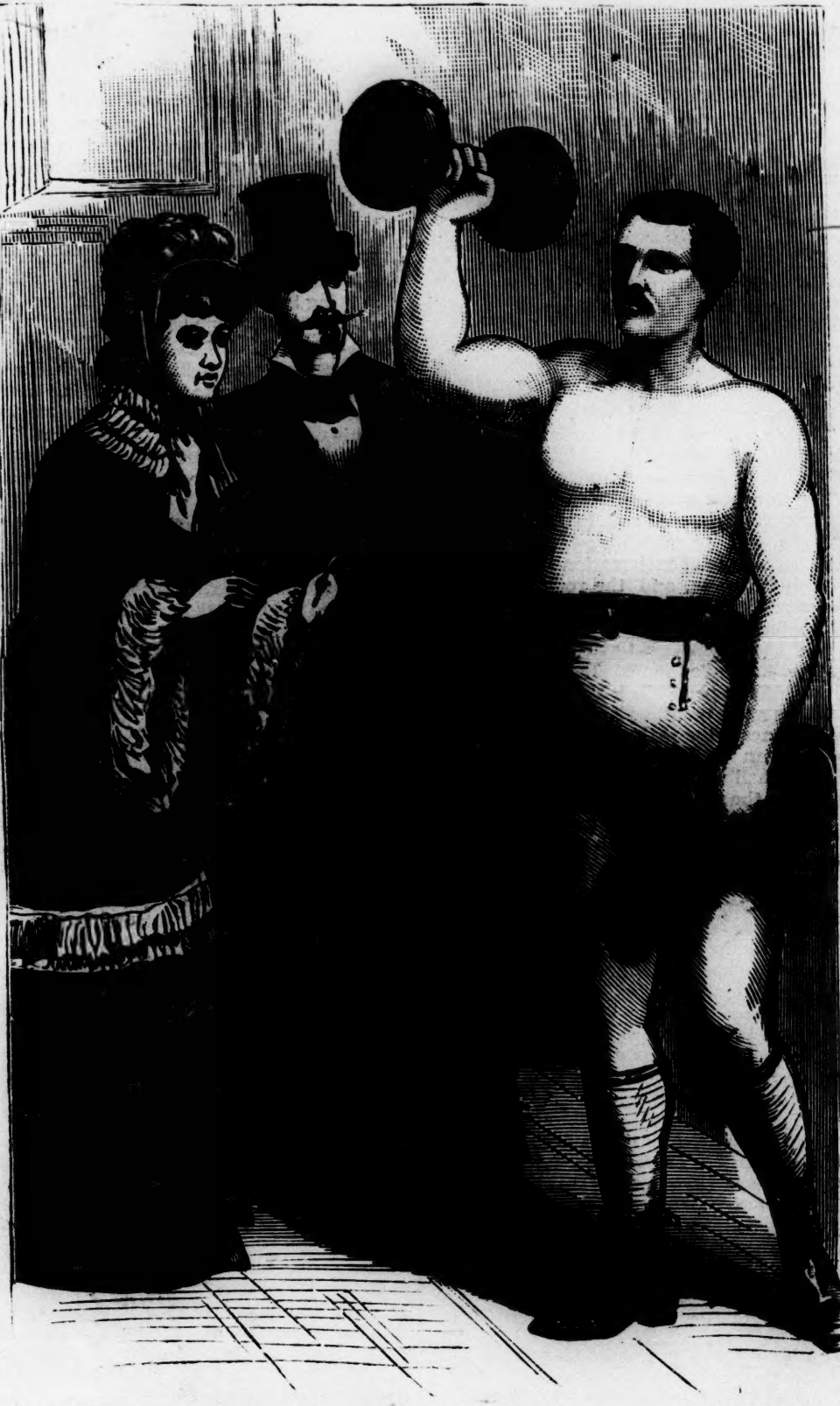
COLLEGIANS ON A LARK.

A CLASS OF "SOPHS" STUDY OVID AT MIDNIGHT IN THE VERMONT UNIVERSITY AND WAKE UP THE FACULTY; BURLINGTON, VT.





JOHN H. BODIE,  
ONE OF A BAND OF NEW YORK SWINDLERS.

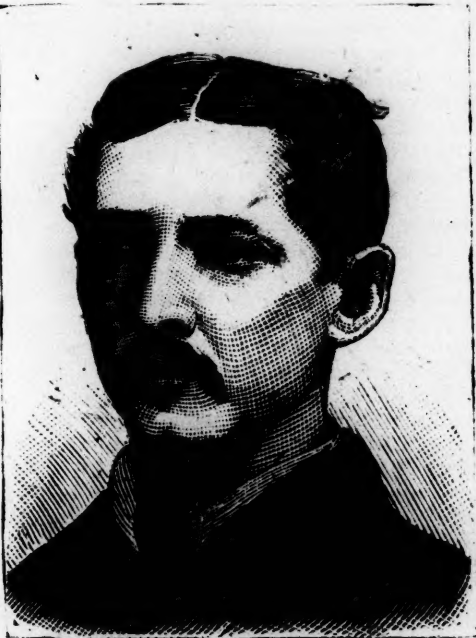


THE DIVA AND THE CHAMPION.

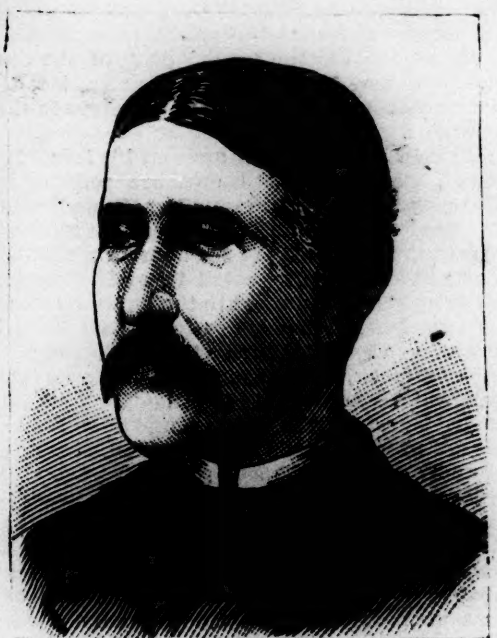
PATTI, THE PETITE PRIMA DONNA, PAYS A VISIT TO RYAN, THE PUGILIST, JUST BEFORE THE FIGHT.



HERMAN GUCKE,  
CONVICTED SWINDLER: NEW YORK CITY.



WASH ROBERTS,  
WIFE MURDERER AND SUICIDE, OF MEM-  
PHIS, TENN.



DON CHILDS,  
IMPLICATED IN A SHREWD CONFIDENCE GAME;  
NEW YORK CITY.



THE PROFESSOR KEEPS THE GIRLS WARM.

A PRINCIPAL OF A YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL, REFUSED FUEL BY THE TRUSTEES, HITS ON AN EFFECTIVE WAY TO KEEP HIS PUPILS' BLOOD IN CIRCULATION.



## HUSH MONEY; OR, THE MURDER IN THE AIR.

BY OSCAR SATTERLEE, P. D.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

In the meantime, how has it fared with John Smith, locked up in the Fifteenth Precinct station house with the agreeable prospect of a trial for murder to console his loneliness?

To tell the truth, the man whom we have known by that name gave less heed to the peril which menaced him than would be thought likely. He had been so banged and buffeted by misfortune, invoked in a great measure by himself, no doubt, that his natural spirit had given place to that desperation which comes upon all men when fate pushes them to the wall.

"Whatever happens," he said fiercely to himself, "I have deserved it. I might have known that fellow would not give me his real name. It was my place to follow him and run him down. If I had done so, and not lost my head over that money, I would not have been in this hole, and —"

He paused, and stamped his foot impatiently.

"And that poor devil of a girl would have gone hungry and homeless," he went on. "D—n it! What do I care for myself? I've never had so much enjoyment out of society that I should regret leaving it, and I've done one good turn for some one, small as it is. I have cause to be proud of it. I wonder where she is now?"

He sat down by the grated door of the cell into which he had been put, and stared steadily through the bars at the red-hot stove in the corridor.

A great change had come over his face. Its wasted beauty was in a measure redeemed; the marks of dissipation in it softened—and his whole expression brightened. So marked was the alteration that the doorman, coming down to tend the fire, noted it, and when he went up stairs remarked to the sergeant:

"That duffer down stairs looks as if he had never even heard of such a thing as murder."

When morning came, and the hour for his removal to the court for the preliminary hearing arrived, the officer found John Smith stretched on the floor of his cell, sleeping soundly and placidly as a child.

It was only a short journey to the courtroom, but John Smith made it with the heaviest of handcuffs on his wrists and such a phalanx of policemen about him that he might have passed for a State prisoner whose rescue by a powerful force of desperate friends was to be anticipated.

The strength of his escort attracted such attention in its passage through the streets that it gathered a constantly increasing body of followers, and when the cortege entered the Jefferson Market police court the roomy hall filled up until it was packed to the doors.

A couple of trivial cases were disposed of hurriedly, and that whose progress the reader has been following called. To the interrogatories of the court the prisoner answered as he had the night before.

"Is that all you've got to say?" demanded the judge, impatiently. He was a little fat man, and with a nervous manner and a way of cocking his head on one side when he spoke, like a sparrow feeding. "Every bit?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

The little judge grunted his dissatisfaction. "And you expect it to be believed?" he asked contemptuously, flinging from him the pen he had been making notes with.

"No, sir," answered the prisoner, with reckless curtness. "To tell the truth, I don't expect anything of the kind."

"Then why don't you tell the truth about the matter and make an end of it?"

The prisoner remained silent for a moment, then with a harsh, hollow laugh, he answered: "Because it wouldn't do me any good."

"Then you deliberately invite a criminal charge against yourself while you retain information which might be of benefit to you? Are you aware that there is every reason to connect you with a heinous crime which was committed last night?"

John Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"I am," he replied, "quite well aware of it."

"Are you guilty of that crime?"

"No."

"Then how do you come in possession of these objects?"

And the judge designated the bundle of money and the knife, which attracted all eyes to his desk.

"I found them, as I have already told you." "Things that are found must have been lost sometime. Have you any idea who lost these?"

The prisoner hesitated, and the little judge cocked his head so far askew that it seemed a wonder his vertebrae stood the strain. Every neck in the audience was craned forward. The prisoner gave no heed to the attention his hesitation attracted, until the sharp voice of the judge recalled him to himself.

"Well, young man," observed the functionary, "have you made up your mind?"

John Smith raised his head.

"I have," he replied.

A murmur went through the court room, and the crowd which filled it shifted forward with that involuntary motion common with masses of people at such periods of intense interest. The reporters stopped nibbling their pencils, the court stenographer drew his blanks before him, and the little judge leaned forward, squared his elbows on the desk, and fixed his round, sharp eyes upon the man before him.

"Will your honor question me?" asked the prisoner, calmly.

"Certainly," replied the judge. "Anything to oblige so accommodating a witness. To begin with, you did not find these objects?"

And he lightly touched the ghastly trophies on his desk.

"No; at least, not exactly."

"Where did you get them?"

"From a man."

"A man whom you know?"

"A man whom I never saw until he introduced himself to me."

"How did he introduce himself?"

"By dropping on me from the elevated railroad at Amity street and Sixth avenue, not two hours before I was arrested."

A loud chorus of exclamations rang through the vaulted room, and the reporters nudged one another with gleaming eyes.

John Smith, now that he was launched upon his subject, went on to detail in rapid and graphic language the facts the reader already knows. As he proceeded, the interest of the listeners grew breathless. At the description of his encounter with the stranger in the snow, given in the fierce, dramatic fashion to which he had warmed up in his excitement, a woman in the throng shrieked, and there was a movement in the crowd.

"A lady fainted, your honor," observed one of the court officers.

The lady who had fainted was expeditiously carried out, and the interrogation was resumed.

"What was the name you say this stranger gave you?" asked the judge.

"Clement Barksdale."

"A false one, of course."

"As I might have known, sir, had I had my wits about it. But I was desperate—mad with want, and forgot my common sense when I felt so much money in my hand. I permitted him to leave me and, indeed, never gave a further thought to him till I was arrested and saw how thin an explanation I was able to give for having those things about me."

"And you can no more describe him than you can give his name?"

"He was muffled in an ulster with the hood drawn down. I scarcely saw his face, and that in the darkness. I would not know him again if I met him face to face. But —"

"But what?"

"If I heard his voice I could identify him. I shall not forget that voice till the day I die."

"What was there so peculiar about it?"

John Smith passed his manacled hands over his face as if to wipe from his brow a perspiration which was not there.

"I do not know," he replied. "I couldn't for the life of me describe it; but there was something in it that thrilled me, as if it was the voice of my most bitter enemy."

The little judge smiled. He was an expert at handling witnesses and had been encouraging this one all along.

"Like the voice of an enemy, eh?" he repeated. "That certainly is something one would be likely to remember."

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps it was an enemy?"

John Smith shook his head.

"I never saw the man before," he answered.

"I never heard his voice before. He was a total stranger to me I am sure."

"But not to me!"

This exclamation ran out sharply in the clear voice of a woman. The prisoner started, the judge jumped up, and all heads were turned towards the door from the direction of which the exclamation proceeded.

"Who spoke there?" demanded the judge sharply. "Officer —"

"Never mind," answered another man's voice. "Now then, make way there. In you go, my dear. Squeeze up a little, young fellow. Ah! And here we are."

And out of the swaying mob of officers, deputy sheriffs, lawyers and clerks congregated around the court room door, two figures emerged and walked swiftly down the aisle towards the judge's bench.

John Smith's face exhibited a mingled expression of astonishment and pleasure. The lounging officials greeted one of the two newcomers with familiar nods.

That one was Cathcart Vinton, who, evidently enjoying the sensation he created, calmly led a stylishly dressed young woman on his arm.

"I have important evidence to enter in this case, your honor," he remarked to the judge, who greeted him as an acquaintance with a jerk of his head. "Will you have this lady sworn? Step up here, my dear. Kiss the book on the off corner. It's always the cleanest."

The amazed clerk having come to himself by this time, the oath was administered to Margaret Martindale, better known to the reader as Madge Vinton, who bound herself, with the usual ceremonial on a very unsavory Bible, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help her God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE DEVIL'S OWN.

### Some Deeds in Which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

FRANK RUMBERGER, the convicted murderer of Victor Troutman, has made a confession. This time he says it was his brother who committed the murder. Before it was his cousin. He evidently intends to go through his whole genealogical tree.

JOHN BUTLER, a school director at West Jefferson, Ohio, was murdered by a school boy named George Scott while he was attempting to quell an outbreak in the school on the 27th ult. The boy hit him on the head with a rock, inflicting fatal injuries.

GEO. STOVALL, aged 22, of Paducah, Ky., sent an insulting letter to the daughter of Lee Edrington and the latter called to upbraid him for his ungentlemanly conduct. Stovall shot and killed Edrington. The murdered man was the father of a large family and both parties were well connected.

MRS. THOS. DOYLE, of Watertown, had been buried in haste and without attendants, her husband having announced that she was a victim of small pox. Last week the coroner exhumed the body, held an inquest, found she had died of strangulation and arrested the husband for murder. He wasn't so smart as he thought he was, after all.

WHEN Dr. A. J. Erwin, of Mansfield, O., entered the courtyard of his house on the night of the 28th ult. he found a musket loaded with buckshot so arranged that it would be discharged point blank at a visitor on the slightest pull of the gate. The doctor received the charge in the side and legs, but his heavy overcoat saved him from serious injury. The assassin who set the trap has escaped detection.

A YOUNG man named Edward Lee met two young ladies of his acquaintance named Ella Allison and Nettie Watson on the 28th ult., while he was hunting in the woods at West Dar, Pa., and, as they say, for no cause shot them, slightly injuring both of them with buckshot. They went home and told their brothers who went out with a large party to hunt the nice young man. They found him in a swamp but he killed himself on their approach. Now, then, the curious neighbors want to know what it was all about.

Two police officers called at the residence of an old man named Wright, at Flint, Mich., one day last week, to notify him of the whereabouts of a runaway nephew. While they were in the sitting room two young men named Wm. Sullivan and Leander Ogden called, and knowing the old man lived alone, knocked him down, tied him and dragged him into the parlor to make him secure while they proceeded to rob the house. They fell at once into the clutches of the two armed officers, who marched them off incontinently to the lock up. Wasn't that hard luck?

MRS. JAS. RICHMOND, residing one mile from Bedford, Ky., died about two weeks ago under suspicious circumstances and was buried on the farm of her husband the same evening, only members of the family being present at the funeral. One of the daughters told a neighboring lady her mother told her that her son John, aged 20, was the cause of her death. The county attorney ordered the body exhumed and a coroner's jury investigated the matter, which led to the arrest of the son. It is alleged that he, becoming angry at his mother, knocked her down and kicked her in the abdomen. She immediately took to her bed and died the next day. She was *enroute* at the time and the kick produced a miscarriage, which terminated fatally. It is also stated that young Richmond severely beat his father the night after the funeral.

### WASH. ROBERTS,

#### Wife Murderer and Suicide.

[With Portrait.]

Wash. Roberts, whose portrait we give, killed his wife last week in Memphis, Tenn., and immediately after the deed committed suicide. The couple had been married only three years. The woman was tidy, neat and industrious. The man had sunk through the degrading agency of rum into a beat and a hang-over on of the lowest dives in the city. His wife was a widow when he married her and had two children by her first husband. These she supported by her own industry and both are still of tender years. He deserted her for a time last September and went to Texas, where he lost an arm while coupling cars on the railroad. She sent him money to bring him back to her and ever since the poor wife has supported him and borne his abuse.

Even as a sneak gambler he was the lowest of the low and having lost his right hand his deftness in handling the cards was to a great extent gone. Knowing that his wife had a considerable amount of money he began importuning her for it. She was obstinate about it and being herself naturally high-tempered the quarrels between the two became more and more frequent. As a precaution she deposited \$125 with Mr. Oakley, a saloon keeper, who resides in the neighborhood. She also deposited \$125 with another gentleman. To the latter she said that she wanted to put aside a small sum for her children as she knew her husband would kill her, he having snapped a pistol at her several times. It is understood

that he found out that she had placed her money in other hands that he might not get hold of it. It was also rumored that he felt jealous of the gentleman, whose name is not mentioned, who held part of her money for her children.

On the fatal day he got his pistol from the gunsmith's, where it had been left for repairs, and returning to his house demanded a sum of money. She refused again and he fired, mortally wounding her. Then placing the muzzle of the weapon to his forehead he pulled the trigger and blew his brains out. If he had not done so he would have been lynched, for all the neighbors sympathized with the poor woman and were furiously indignant against him.

### HOG EAT MULE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A remarkable occurrence at Sandersville, Ga. A darkey parson named Hubbs was riding along the road one day last week, mounted on a sedate, clerical sort of a mule, such only as a parson should bestride. In his confidence in the character, training and temper of his mount, the dominie had laid the rein on the animal's neck, and was deeply engaged in spelling out the big words in a Christian weekly paper as he went along, when suddenly there emerged from the woods of the wayside a tremendous fat Berkshire hog belonging to Brother Meledec's farm. The hog had blood in its eye and planting itself in the centre of the road seemed to be determined to dispute the way. The donkey, all unconscious from evil from such an antagonist, moved on at his regular stately pace. Arrived on the spot chosen by the ponderous Berkshire to give battle, the hog sprang its awkward way at the mule and buried its tusks in the animal's throat. Such a kicking and plunging! The hog held on until the mule's throat was torn open and lay on the body chewing the life out of it. And the darkey dominie, where was he? At the first onslaught he was fired into the ditch, and when he recovered he found his pet mule dead and the savage hog eating it. He attacked the victor with his umbrella, but the porker went at him so viciously with his bloody tusks that he beat a retreat, and it required armed reinforcements to carry the day. The hog, even then, yielded only with life. The dominie received half of the Berkshire as a part indemnity for his loss, and will eat the hog out of revenge for its having eaten his mule. Thus ever retributive justice comes about. But it doesn't buy another mule.

### HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

#### Billings, Coolings, Wrangles and Divorces of the Married and the Too-Much Married.

FELIX GUNNO, a wealthy man of Canada, while on a visit to Providence, R. I., on the 29th ult., found that his sister had separated from her husband, John Eaton and was living with a man named Ignatius Rinaldo in Johnston. He had the pair arrested on a charge of adultery and they were committed to jail after pleading not guilty.

Two young married men of Winchester, Ill., named Henry Fisher and Lorin Edmondson, went to White Hall, Ill., last week on a spree and were spending money lavishly on the fast women of the town when their fathers appeared on the scene and demanded that they should put up a sum of money sufficient to support their young wives during their absence. They would not disgorge until they had been arrested and then they reluctantly gave up \$200 apiece and started off to finish their interrupted spree.

LOUIS BOONE, alias Harry Mac, a snide theatrical performer, eloped a few weeks ago with the young and pretty wife of Chester F. White, of Keokuk, Iowa. The woman was of good family but had become infatuated with the bad actor and had, it is said, been living with him on the sly under the very nose of her indulgent husband. Fearing that his blindness would not last long the pair gathered all the money they could and skipped.

### JACK KETCH'S LEVEES.

#### Rogues and Ruffians Hanged in Various Sections of the Country.

AUGUST DAVIS, a negro, was hanged at New Orleans on the 27th ult. for outraging a white woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Dartel, last September. Of course he had his baggage checked for Heaven without change of cars by an orthodox parson.

ED BELTON, a murderer, was swung off at Mansfield, Pa., on the 27th ult. His last requests were for a bang-up breakfast, a bottle of whiskey and a preacher. He got all three and took to his hanging kindly, saying he had been treated like a gentleman.

On the 27th ult., also, John A. Morris was hanged at Shelby, N. C., in the presence of 4,000 spectators for the murder of another negro named Joe Rourke.

HENRY SOLOMON, a negro incarcerated in the Bellevue, La., jail, on the 26th ult. set fire to the building that night and tried to escape. The lives of the other prisoners were saved with difficulty. He was caught by the mob and hanged to the staircase outside of the burning building.



## A REPROBATE'S DEED.

Leagued with Low Ruffians, a Young Man Robs and Murders his Grandmother.

A Crime that Has Thrilled St. Louis and Shaken its First Society.

Mrs. General Geo. P. Dorris, of St. Louis, Mo., was found dead in her room on the morning of the 29th ult. On the previous evening, Russell Brown, her grandson, visited her, and was heard to say, "Grandma, come in here for a minute before you go to bed—I want to talk with you." The old lady was found dead the next morning in the room to which she had been invited by the young man. There were finger marks on the throat and evidences of a struggle. Brown was missing and so was a part of the old lady's jewelry. He was captured late at night and locked up. The family is wealthy and high in social position, and this affair has shocked the high circles in which the murderer and his relatives moved. The young man broke down utterly and made a brief confession when he was taken into custody.

He stated that he and a companion supposed to be one Patrick McGlew, a bar-keeper, drove out to his grandmother's house situated on King's Highway, about four miles from St. Louis, on the evening of the murder. There early in the evening young Brown had a quarrel with his mother, who resided with Mrs. Dorris, she chiding him for his dissolute habits, and he went away. Later in the night, however, he returned, after the family had retired. He and his pal went into the room always occupied by him when he visited the house. Brown says he then visited his grandmother's room, told her his uncle Tom was sick in his (Brown's) room, and wanted her aid. The old lady, who was seventy years of age and very feeble, arose and went to the room, where she was seized by Brown and his companion.

McGlew forcibly stripped the diamond rings from her fingers while Brown choked her to keep her from crying out. During the struggle she swooned. The robbers then placed her on the bed, went to her room, took her watch from under her pillow, left the house without disturbing the family, jumped into their buggy and drove away. In the morning the family found Mrs. Dorris dead, with several scratches and bruises on her neck and the skin scraped from the fingers on which she had worn her rings. The coroner was notified during the day, and after viewing the remains gave a certificate of death from natural causes. The suspicion of foul play did not gain full headway till the next evening, when the police were notified and captured Brown. His partner McGlew had meantime left the city for parts unknown, but his capture is considered certain. Young Brown is the son of the prosecuting attorney of St. Louis County, and the sensation over the crime is all the greater from the prominence of all the parties concerned.

## THE DIVORCE BOOM.

Why it Prevails and Where it is at its Greatest Height.

Ashtabula County, Ohio, is said to be the most "divorcing" locality in the known world. Divorces are granted there yearly in the proportion of one to every ten marriages. Connecticut comes next. A theorist on the subject says the main cause of divorce is the law allowing women to hold property in their own hands. Only married women who have property are said to run off and leave their poor husbands to support themselves, which is a sad picture for a Christian community. The worldly theorist, who hails from Boston, and who is evidently a married man and knows how it is himself, goes on to say: It may be sad for the community if the deserted husbands have to fall back on the house of correction for shelter but it is considerably more comfortable for the wives to be rid of them. It is rather late in the day for any man to harangue women on the iniquity of the woman wanting a divorce, for every man wanting one gets one and never hesitates on account of any conscientious scruples. The argument about the community being interested in keeping married people who hate each other tied together is ridiculous, for surely it is better for them to part than to be parents of children born to a heritage of strife.

## A FLAMING CENTAUR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Here is a remarkable accident that happened to Mr. J. W. H. Barnett of Gassville, Ark., a couple of weeks ago. As he was cantering along on his way home in the early evening, he discovered that some ashes from his pipe had dropped into his pocket and had started a fire. He tried to put out the sparks, but his horse took fright at this critical moment and ran away with him. The rapid motion fanned the smoldering cloth into a flame, and he had all he could do to struggle with his frantic steed. In the terrible ride that ensued the flames were seen by astonished spectators, to stream out, according to their avowal, fully ten feet behind the rider. He only saved himself by throwing himself headlong from the saddle and rolling into a brook, where the

flames were extinguished. He was severely burned, but his injuries are not dangerous. He doesn't smoke a pipe any more while taking his daily rides.

## RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

On the night of the 30th ult. a tramp named Wm. Steel knocked at the door of Mrs. Buell's house, situated twelve miles from Logansport, Ind. The lady opened the door and the villain rushing in knocked her down and violated her person after a slight struggle. Then he made tracks. She was able, however, to give a prompt alarm to her neighbors, who mustered in force and went in all directions to seek for the villain. He was captured the same night before he had gone far on his road. He was at once strung up to a tree. The mob then built a fire of brushwood under him and burned his body to a crisp.

A NUMBER of Harvard students have started out west with lots of money to save their old classmate Charles W. Stickney, who is in danger of being hanged in Denver, Col. Stickney's wife was seduced and taken from him by Montgomery F. Campean, a millionaire citizen of Denver. Stickney obtained a divorce and instituted proceedings against the seducer. The millionaire compromised by paying \$10,000. Then the wife abandoned the lover and went back to her husband. Campean, chagrined, said the pair had plotted to blackmail him and Stickney shot and killed him for publishing that statement, also killing at the same time by a stray shot a Mrs. Devereaux who happened to be near at the time of the affray.

Two strange Italians who spoke only the slang of Neapolitan thieves arrived in Philadelphia last week with a large and peculiar looking brass-bound trunk. An Italian lodger in the next room to them at their hotel detailed to the police a conversation the two had held at midnight and which he overheard. The men were debating whether it were better to bury the trunk or to go to sea again in some ship and drop it into the sea to avoid all danger of being arrested for having it in their possession. From other things the men said it was suspected that the trunk contained the body of the Earl of Crawford, which was stolen several weeks since from the family vault at Aberdeenshire, Scotland. The police are in arms over this intelligence and are working like beavers, for there is a large reward assured for the capture of the body-snatchers, even if the remains are not recovered.

## SHE LAID OUT THE EDITOR.

How a Buffalo Girl Resented the Funny Personal Paragraphs in a Local Journal.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. McLaughlin is the editor of the Sunday World in Buffalo, N. Y., and is given to saying smart and saucy things about ladies. His society gossip has therefore taken on a piquancy that has made things lively—first for the paper and finally for the editor. On the 18th ult. Mr. McLaughlin was cosily ensconced in his office fulminating sarcastic paragraphs for his next issue, when a visitor was announced. He looked up and saw before him a beautiful young lady. He gushed and overflowed with politeness.

"Are you the editor?" asked she, with a forced smile that was suggestive of a tigress showing her teeth.

"I am, miss, what can I do for you?" "Do for me, you old villain," she broke out, "you've done for me already in your miserable old paper. I'm Miss Bentley, the lady about whom you've been printing your smart things and I've come to give you a good licking."

With this the young dressmaker drew from under her cloak a three-pound paper bag of flour and burst it on the head of the editor-in-chief. Then she produced a mule whacker's heavy whip and proceeded to dust his coat, while he went through an Indian war dance accompanied by the wildest sort of whoops. In his attempt to disarm his assailant he was hit in the eye with the butt of the whip and she scarred his face terribly with her nails. The reporters had wildly scamped on the first assault and the editor, foreman, cashier and clerks all broke for the street, leaving the Amazon mistress of all she surveyed. After she had upset a desk or two, knocked two pages into pi and destroyed all the files, she sailed out grandly, declaring that her honor had been satisfied. Mac says women can't take a joke and hereafter he is going to confine his facetious paragraphs to male subjects, who may be relied on to fight fair and to give a fellow a square show in a "run in."

## PADDY RYAN AND PATTI.

[Subject of Illustration.]

To the wonder of everybody the great prize fight between the POLICE GAZETTE champion and John L. Sullivan not only demoralized the male portion of the population of New Orleans but deeply interested the ladies. Among the many fair ones who paid visits to the quarters of Paddy Ryan during the last week of his training was the *dina* Patti, who, accompanied by her jealous Nicolini, eyed the manly proportions of the POLICE GAZETTE's giant with evident admiration. Paddy was decidedly the favorite with the fair sex and had all their smiles and sympathies.

## CUPID OFF HIS BASE.

Cases in Which the Wicked Little God Doesn't Take Good Aim With His Shafts.

At Dubuque, Iowa, last week, a jury decided that James Carrigan shall pay \$5,000 for seducing a belle of the first society named Elizabeth Sweeney.

MAUD SMITH, of Hackettstown, N. J., ran away from home on the 29th ult., because her "ma" wouldn't let her keep company with the young man she was sweet on. She was found the next evening in the height of the snow storm lying on the railroad track near Weehawken. Her clothing was frozen stiff and she was unconscious and half buried by the snow. The police thawed her out before the stove in the station house. She said she was old enough to take care of herself, and wasn't going home any more. She started on her journey next day without giving her rescuers any satisfactory answers.

COLORADO first society in Santa Fe, N. M., is all "kerfummuxed," to use the expressive term of the head waiter of the hotel, a society leader. George Davis had wooed and won the daughter of Maggie Myers, the richest colored woman in town. There was to have been an "up and up" wedding. The guests and the bride were all assembled in full evening dress, and there was a great display of bare necks and coffee-colored busts. The bride delayed the ceremony for a moment while she stepped into the hall. She not only stepped into the hall but into the street, and once there, skipped with another lover, a common nigger who was waiting on the corner.

woebony damsels as black as Hades, members of Shiloh colored church, in Philadelphia, Pa., have settled their affections on one and the same colored gentleman. Last Sunday the two damsels glared at each other with furious looks during the sermon. Scarcely had the "Amen" of the benediction been spoken when the two went for each other tooth and nail like tigresses. The younger, a mulatto, had her bonnet torn to pieces and at one sweep she ripped the silk skirt off her rival. They then closed, using their nails savagely and rolled on the floor gouging, kicking, and biting. The trustees turned out and separated the combatants, who were taken out of separate doors front and back of the building.

A GREAT sensation prevails at Nelsonville, near Houston, Texas, over the elopement of George Bonner, a young mulatto, with Miss Blanks, one of the prettiest and wealthiest young women of the county. She and the mulatto attended different schools, but came home by the same road. The colored boy's old father caught him one day giving the white girl some candy and offering her gallant attentions. The parent warned his son of the consequences and the danger he was in from the vengeance of the white people. The young girl's mother noticed these attentions at last, and had the mulatto arrested on a charge of having assaulted and attempted to outrage her daughter. During the night the girl managed to communicate with her imprisoned lover. She aided him to escape. He stole his father's fastest horse, and she her mother's, and the pair galloped off to the prairies. Pursuit is in vain as all track of them has been lost.

## CUPID IN AN ICE YACHT.

A Thrilling Race Fairly Won by a Gallant Lover.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Poughkeepsie girl, Bessie Trainer, was determined to have Will Butler, and Will was determined to have her. Will's father's farm adjoined Bessie's father's, and the two families had been at war for ten years. All but Will and Bessie. They had grown up together and as boy and girl had had sly meetings, stolen kisses and all the delights of a forbidden courtship. A year ago Will was 22, and he went like a man to old Trainer and asked him for his daughter. The answer he got could not have been very satisfactory, for two new dogs were bought and they prowled about the mansion of Will's beloved so vigilantly every night, that the lover, although his love burned as ardently as ever, was forced to become prudentially "distant," and the unplucked kisses bloomed like roses on the maiden's cheeks and like neglected roses, withered and "wasted their fragrance on the desert air," or on the old man's wrinkled forehead, in vain attempts to coax and bribe him to revoke the bull-dog edict.

On the 20th of January, however, the ice on the Hudson gladdened the hearts of the ice yachtmen, and their graceful craft were put in trim and launched on the glassy surface of the frozen waters. Love whispered to flaming William that now was his chance to "scoot" with his own Bessie. If he cou't only get rid of the bull-dogs, he was sure she would go with him. He had tried poisoned meat but the animals were either too well fed, or provoking epicures. They were hungry for only his flesh. At last on the 20th ult. he hit a plan. He bought a dog—a yellow dog and a mongrel, it is true—but a female dog. When he introduced this coquettish canine to the two fierce brutes, they agreed to at once neglect their duty with as much promptness and unanimity

as if they had been men in the presence of an artful woman.

While the two dogs were chawing each other up in rivalry for the affections of the siren cur, Will was taking his Bessie out of the front gate and the pair made tracks. It was his design to take the cars for New York, but he had a five mile journey to make to the river. His wagon was waiting near at hand, and into it the pair tumbled. A cut of the whip and they were off at a break-neck speed. But the fierce battle of the bull-dogs awakened the old man. He thrust his night-capped head out of the window and was astounded at the remarkable spectacle of his two costly dogs eating each other up, while a worthless yellow cur was sitting by in grim satisfaction, the sole spectator of the bloody fight. An idea struck him. This was a trick. His daughter! He flew to her room. She was gone. He donned his clothes, took his revolver, stirred up his nephew and his sons, and after kicking the yellow dog all around the house, started off in pursuit, rousing the sheriff of the county and all his friends on the way.

The lovers had arrived at the depot an hour too early for the train. They saw the pursuers approaching. They were in despair. What to do? Will was equal to the emergency. He broke open a boathouse, launched an ice yacht, impressed a boy to act as a balance weight on the bow, put his lady love in, hoisted sail, took the helm and tacked out in the teeth of a sharp breeze upon the frozen Hudson. An officer of the party, more prompt than the rest, arrived in time to seize the rope that was trailing after the stern of the yacht, but the fairy vessel got under headway with a jerk that threw him from his feet, and brave Bessie, equal to the emergency, cut the rope, and the rash pursuer was left sliding, slipping, bruised and humiliated on the sparkling ice in the wake of the gliding craft.

The old man and his party seized on the ice yachts at hand, manned them, and started in hot pursuit. Then ensued a thrilling race. The lovers ran five miles up the river hotly chased. Then along came the belated train running at full speed along the low snowy bank of the river.

"An idea!" cried Will: "If we could only get back to the station in time to catch that train and leave them behind."

"But how?" asked the frightened girl. "Wait, you'll see," was the reply, as the brave young fellow took a tighter grip on the tiller. By a sudden and very adroit but exceedingly risky maneuver he put his light craft about, and glided down the river at lightning speed before the wind, passing through the fleet of his antagonists. In making bungling efforts to imitate his maneuver, several of the craft were upset, and all were long delayed.

Now it was a race between the locomotive and the ice yacht and the goal was the depot. The little craft flew over the glassy surface of the river, fairly beating the engine by a minute and a half, and giving the lovers abundant time to jump aboard. When the pursuers yawed up at the station, the engine of the lover's train was heard howling and thundering half a mile off on the road to the metropolis, where parsons in plenty were awaiting the gallant pair who had so bravely won their happiness.

This, it is agreed, is the most romantic elopement that ever occurred in the romantic regions of the Hudson, and the traditions of this event will, among the country people, for all time over-shadow the boasted exploit of the young Lochinvar of their school-books.

## NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.

The Wriggling Wretches Singed by Cupid's Flames And How They Got There.

On the 30th ult. a strange young woman, handsome, neatly dressed, and refined, applied at the Home of the Friendless in Cincinnati for shelter, saying she had been ruined by a young man and was afraid to return to her home. She was taken in and treated kindly. About a week after a young man, the brother of the unfortunate girl called, recognized his sister and implored her to return to her mother, assuring her that her sin would be forgiven. The persuasions of the matron were added to those of the young man, and the girl left for Columbus, O., her home, with a light heart.

Miss Edna BRADLEY, the beautiful female clerk who eloped from Dallas, Texas, with the man milliner A. A. Pearson, is in New York preparing for the stage. She took the first step in that preparation and the most necessary to ensure her advancement on the "boards," by getting ruined. Any comic opera manager will give her a good place in his company now, and she can run the company if he is complaisant and cunning in her "by play" about the managerial office. She is only sixteen, and explains that she went away with Pearson because he promised to teach her French. Oh! Oh! Oh! Edna!

THREE months ago Ray Abbott, aged 67, a well-to-do farmer of Towlesville, New York, married his niece, who was many years his junior. A few days ago they quarreled about some property, and Abbott took his gun and went into his barn. Soon afterward the barn was discovered to be on fire, and it was burned down. The remains of the farmer were found in the ruins. He had shot himself. It is supposed that he set fire to the barn. It contained valuable stock belonging to his wife.



Thomas A. Stewart and Lizzie Clunie.

Thomas A. Stewart, a San Francisco barkeeper who was very popular in that city, has "done" all his friends out of all the money he could borrow and then after getting from his wife all her little savings skipped out to British Columbia with a young woman named Lizzie Clunie. Miss Clunie is of good family and it is said that Stewart had been formally courting her for six months, having assured her mother that he was a



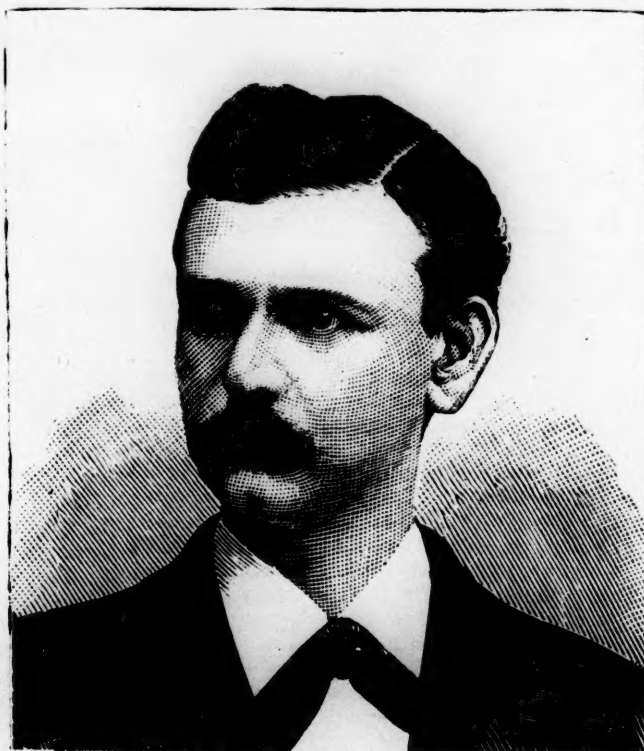
LIZZIE CLUNIE,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., WHO ELOPED WITH THOS. A. STEWART, AND BECAME WIFE NUMBER 2.



FRANK CAREY,

CHIEF OF AN ORGANIZED BAND OF BOY THIEVES, AT WILKESBARRE, PA.



THOMAS A. STEWART,

A "MASHING" BARKEEPER, WANTED AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BY HIS WIFE NUMBER 1.

### History of Four Boy Burglars.

On the 21st of November last four youths named Edw. Carey, Frank Carey, John Purcell and John Moyles were arrested in the city of Wilkesbarre, Pa., for burglary. During the summer months merchants in all parts of the city complained frequently that their stores had been entered and much valuable goods and money taken. Chief Meyers notified his force of the midnight burglaries with instructions to keep a vigilant watch in the vicinity of the most prominent stores in the town.

The robbing, however, was continued until the middle of November, when these four beardless youths were arrested on suspicion and brought before the Mayor, where a number of merchants whose stores had been robbed confronted them and identified many articles of clothing which the burglars wore as belonging to them. Not being able to procure sufficient bail they were sent to prison to be tried at the next term of the criminal court. Since their arrest and incarceration it has leaked out that all the robberies of which they were guilty were first passed upon at a meeting of themselves. They kept a complete tally list of all new business and what they called un-



OUTRAGED BEAUTY RAIDS THE SANCTUM.

HOW AN ANGRY BELLE OF BUFFALO, N. Y., REVENGED HERSELF ON AN EDITOR WHO HAD TOUCHED HER UP IN HIS PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

gaged from the railroad depot to the Portland steamer and had taken passage with a woman whom he had registered as Mrs. Stewart.

A week after his departure a letter was received from him by his abandoned and sick wife. It was dated at Portland, Oregon. The fellow spoke in the coolest manner of his conduct and assured his victim that she should feel grateful to have got rid so easily of a bad egg. He described his deception as a tender-hearted precaution to let her down easy and wound up by advising the injured woman to keep quiet. "It will do you no good to make a fuss over it," he wrote, "and it will do me no harm."

He intimated that he was going to British Columbia to settle and that his wife and San Francisco friends had seen the last of him. There are numerous friends to whom this assurance comes ungratefully, as the fugitive barkeeper borrowed and begged as much as he could obtain before deserting his wife. Pete Hopkins, of the Grand Hotel lost little or nothing. Stewart had been in his employ for eight years and for some time had been trusted greatly, but latterly, owing to the partiality of the barkeeper for dice and the fascinations of the sisterhood, Mr. Hopkins watched him closely.

finished business. Sometimes all four of them would take a hand at what they called a tough job. In most cases the robbing was done in pairs.

The two Careys are sons of Hiram Carey, a prominent politician of Luzerne, Pa. A number of charitable ladies have endeavored to lead their youthful minds from the path of crime but they turn a deaf ear to anything that smacks of good advice, as they imagine themselves Buffalo Bills, Texas Jacks or young desperados of the coal regions. They will probably meet with severe punishment.

single man. His elopement was precipitated by his discharge on the 4th ult. from his situation in the bar of the Grand Hotel. He had lost in a faro bank only a few nights before \$600, which his wife had given him to start a business with, and his employer learning of this concluded that his barkeeper was too high-toned for his establishment. Stewart pretended to his wife that he was going to Salt Lake to start in business for himself and borrowed \$1,000 from her for that purpose. After he had gone she learned by accident that he had transferred his bag-



JOHN MOYLES,

MEMBER OF THE BAND OF BOY ROBBERS, AT WILKESBARRE, PA.



ED. CAREY,

DIME NOVEL HERO AND ROBBER, OF WILKESBARRE, PA.



JOHN PURCELL,

A MEMBER OF THE GANG OF BOY BURGLARS, OF WILKESBARRE, PA.





TRAINING QUARTERS OF PADDY RYAN; NEAR NEW ORLEANS, LA.

**Ryan's and Sullivan's Training Quarters.**

We present in this issue accurate pictures from photographs of the training quarters, respectively, of the *POLICE GAZETTE* champion and of the Boston Strong Boy. Their admirable location and the comforts furnished to the fighters by the hosts warrant the picturing to our liberal sports of the pleasant quarters furnished pugilists who go through their training in the Sunny South. On this page will be found the genial phiz of Harry Hill, the famous sporting host, and Billy Madden, the trainer of Sullivan—both of them too well known to require further extended notice in these columns.

**Murder and Matrimony Mixed.**

A clandestine marriage which took place some weeks ago at Philadelphia between a West Virginia negro named Lucker and a young white woman named Collins, has resulted in a double tragedy. The father of the girl, who is a widower, had been paying attention to a young lady named Kelly, who belongs to one of the best families of Randolph coun-

Maryland, the nearest Gretna Green. They were married, and without further loss of time returned home. No sooner had the news of their return reached the ears of the girl's father than he forgot his own troubles in the new disgrace, and made the newly wedded pair the object of his wrath. On the 28th ult. he visited them for the purpose of inflicting condign punishment. A quarrel ensued, when the negro drew a revolver and shot Collins dead on the spot.

The news of the death of Collins spread rapidly in the neighborhood, and in a short time a crowd of hardy mountaineers were on the spot. They wasted no time in useless ceremony, but overpowering the assassin, took him to the woods immediately in front of the cabin and strung him up to a convenient limb and left him hanging there.

**A Beautiful Girl's Folly.**

There is a sensation in Hoopertown, Ill. Two weeks ago Miss Carrie Osborne, one of the most beautiful young ladies of the place, went away on a brief visit (it was said) to some friends in Lafayette, Ind. In truth she was in a delicate condition and went away for medical treatment to escape the disgrace of becoming a mother while not yet a wife. She had been seduced by a young business man of Hoopertown who had fled to parts unknown when she revealed to him her condition and began to importune him to save her reputation. Last week her corpse was brought back to her native place. She had been the victim of abortion. The victim was 20 years old, a beauty, refined, well educated and of good family. An investigation is now in pro-

gress and it is said the revelations will besmirch the reputations of half a dozen persons of the highest social standing in the town.

**She Skipped With the Hired Man.**

John Machner, a farmer living near Coon creek, Minn., went to Minneapolis on the 12th ult. to look after his wife, who eloped with the hired man. She left home on the day before ostensibly to visit friends in Minneapolis, saying to her husband that if the weather was



HARRY HILL,

STAKEHOLDER IN THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.

cold she would not return until the latter part of the week. John remained quietly at home husking corn in the barn, feeding the pigs and taking care of the children until a week had passed. When his wife not having returned he went to town to look her up. No trace of her could be found however and he went back home. On arriving there he thought to look in her trunk and lo, her clothes were gone. A further search resulted in the discovery of a note to the effect that she was going away with the hired man and that if he, the husband, wanted her he must come after her by the 1st inst, as on that day she should go to St. Paul. He accordingly returned and continued the search but without avail.

THE big dailies may boast of their influence but we don't need any trumpeting for the *POLICE GAZETTE*. It advertises itself and when it undertakes an enterprise such as the raising and revivifying of the ghost of pugilism it makes a success of it. In proof note the sensation in two worlds over the great prize fight.



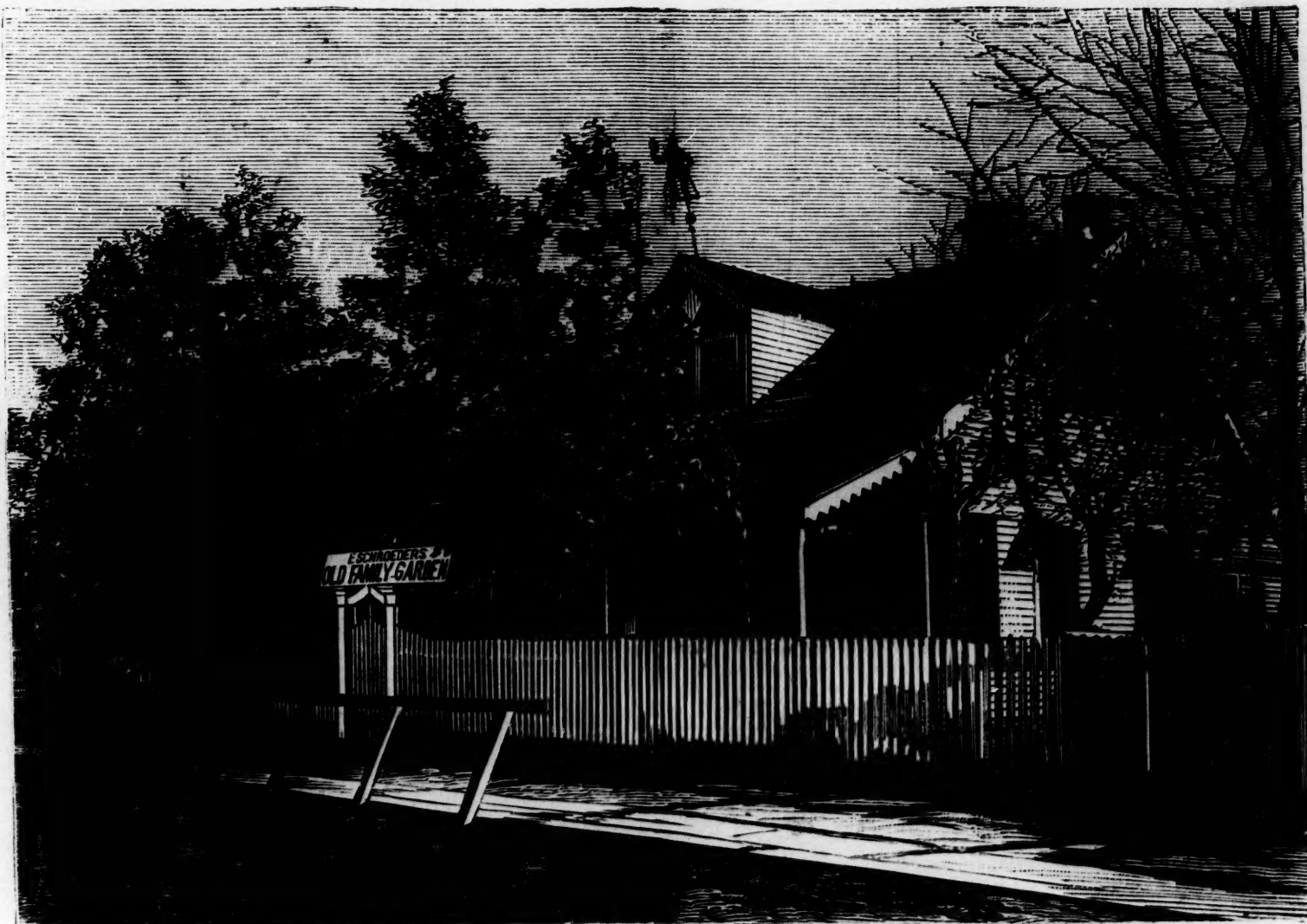
BILLY MADDEN,

TRAINER OF SULLIVAN FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT.

ty, but meeting with opposition from the young lady's parents, he attempted an elopement, but was pursued and overtaken at Bilington, arrested and taken back to Beverly.

Enraged at his disappointment he provided himself with a pistol and prepared for war against the Kellys, declaring that he had been induced to the futile attempt by the importunities of the girl.

While Collins was thus engaged and absent from home a large portion of the time, his daughter hastily sought her dusky lover, and in a short time they were on their way to



SULLIVAN'S QUARTERS AND TRAINING GROUNDS; CARROLLTON, LA.



## SPORTING NEWS.

## PORTRAITS OF THE GLADIATORS.

For 5 cents apiece, the two for 10 cents, we will mail from this office portraits of the POLICE GAZETTE's champion, **Paddy Ryan**, of Troy, and of **John L. Sullivan**, each on a separate sheet, with his colors. These two engravings are the only authentic portraits of the warriors out. They are calculated for framing and are the very finest works of art ever offered for ten times the price. No sporting collection is complete without them.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
183 William street, New York.

SPENCER will train Hanlan.

BILLY EDWARDS is up for a benefit.

HINDOO will again appear on the turf.

SACHEM is the English Derby outsider.

DWYER Brothers' stable is to go to England.

ABANZA will be worth backing in the English races.

ST. LOUIS Jockey Club offers \$10,000 in purses.

MIKE GILLESPIE, the pugilist, is living in Boston.

A STEEPCHASE course has been laid at New Orleans.

RUNNYMEDE is still the favorite for the Kentucky Derby.

YALE will turn out a better crew than Harvard this year.

GOLDEN GATE is now the favorite for the English Derby.

PROF. WM. CLARK is teaching boxing at Wood's gymnasium.

TRICKETT is going to England to arrange a match with Hanlan.

LOUISVILLE sporting men are arranging another big prize fight.

PROTEAN, a Cincinnati mare, it is claimed, in time will beat Maud S.

DRISCOLL, the champion walker, is going to England to walk Baby.

RUNNYMEDE promises to be a dangerous three-year-old this year.

MUMFORD, the New Orleans, La., amateur oarsman, has given up the oar.

THORA, owned by Charles Reed, will run in the Grand National in England.

THERE are ten swimmers who all claim to be the champion natators of America.

HARRY HILL will give an extraordinary boxing show on Washington's birthday.

FREY, the famous boy pool expert, won the Syracuse fifteen-ball pool tournament.

THE Mu-he-ka-ne-ok boat-house at Troy, N. Y., and nine shells were burned Jan 24.

BEND OR, under the skillful handling of John Huggins, will make the dust fly this season.

MEAGER, of Boston, Mass., can walk 50 miles in 8 1/2 hrs. At least so Boston sporting men claim.

TOLONA, Mo., boasts of a short-distance runner, who it is said can run 100 yards in 9 1/2 seconds.

HANLAN is training at Putney for his race with Boyd, but the latter's stakes have not yet been subscribed.

PIERRE LORILLARD claims that Iroquois will be ten pounds a better horse this year than he was last season.

THE Dauntless Rowing Club of New York has won fourteen races during the five years of its existence.

WHY doesn't Hoey put up a forfeit and arrange a match with Gus Hill for the club-swinging championship?

NEXT month the great dog fight between Boxer and Jingo will take place within 50 miles of New York city.

THE spring meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club will take place May 23, 24, 25 and 26, at Pimlico, Baltimore.

CALLIE CURTIS, who went to Europe as a participant in the Vienna Skating Tournament, failed to win anything.

By a decision of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, pool tables will hereafter be taxed throughout that State.

At the American Institute on the 26th of February there will be a 24-hour go-as-you-place open to all amateurs.

YALE is the all-around college champion year, having carried off the trophies at base ball, football and boating.

EDWARD HANLAN, upon his arrival at London, contributed \$100 in aid of the family of the late George Drewitt.

VOLUNTEER and General Knox are the two oldest trotting sires now living. Volunteer is 28 and General Knox 27.

ROBERT VINT claims that he will cover 600m. in the next contest for the 6-day go-as-you-place championship of the world.

JACK CALLAN, of Fairfield, Vt., offers to wrestle any middle-weight wrestler in America, collar-and-elbow, for \$500 a side.

THE backers of Erb, the boy shooter, intend to match him against Mitchell, of Virginia, to shoot at 100 birds for \$500 a side.

BEGINNING on the 9th of May next, Boston will have a four days' dog show under the auspices of the Massachusetts Kennel Club.

JACK LOONEY, the ex-pugilist and noted St. Louis sport, was at New Orleans on Feb. 7. Looney fought and figured in many a battle.

PRINCE, the bicycle rider, offers any man in America 1 minute start in 10 miles for \$1,000. Prince can cover the distance in 32m.

Now that George Holden and Frank White are at liberty, there is every prospect that one or more prize fights will be arranged.

MIKE CLEARY, the middle-weight champion pugilist of Pennsylvania, is eager to fight Mike Donovan with hard gloves for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

CHAS. LLOYD offers to match either Pilot, the hero of the Louisville dog fight, or Paddy, to fight at 28 lbs., against any dog in America, for \$1,000.

THE billiard tournament for the championship of the State, to take place in this city, is being arranged by the Brunswick & Balke Company.

LARRY FOLEY, the light-weight champion pugilist of New South Wales, offers to fight any pugilist in the world at 136 pounds for \$2,500 a side.

JOHN MCMAHON has challenged any man in Louisiana, Alabama or Mississippi, to wrestle collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

It appears strange that Trickett should be so eager to row Hanlan when Wallace Ross stands ready to give him a spin over a five-mile course for \$1,000 a side.

OXFORD and Cambridge are training their crews for the annual eight-oared race on the Thames. It is said that the dark blues will parade the winning color this year.

SEXTON and Schaefer have completed arrangements for another cushion carom game of 600 points for \$2,500 a side, to be played at Tammany Hall April 27.

THE 26-hour go-as-you-place race for the amateur championship of America, to take place on Feb. 23 and 24 at the American Institute, promises to be a grand affair.

St. Louis is reported as being in favor of excluding all clubs from the American Association, east of Pittsburgh, unless the Metropolitans of New York join the Association.

MIKE MCCOOLE, who fought Joe Coburn, Bill Davis and Tom Allen for the championship, now resides at New Orleans, La. He weighs 219lbs. but he could not stand training for another battle.

THE next contest for the POLICE GAZETTE colored heavy-weight champion medal will be decided at Harry Hill's on the 24th inst. Prof. Whitney, the Brooklyn champion boxer, will enter his unknown, who is said to be a wonder.

FRANK WHITE and George Holden, the feather-weight champions, were set at liberty from Jefferson prison, Ohio, on the 31st inst. The pugilists return thanks to the sporting men of the POLICE GAZETTE for the assistance rendered in securing their release.

THE grand international hurdle race, at the Croydon spring meeting, will be run March 7th. The American horse, Marshal McDonald, a brother to McWhirter, is weighted at 144 pounds. Theodore Walton's horse, Sutter, will have to carry 168 pounds.

ONE of the great sporting events that is attracting considerable attention is the forthcoming 6-day race which commences at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 27. The entries closed on the 6th inst. Rowell is the favorite and will be backed heavily to win.

THE London Referee says: So great is the desire in America to defeat Rowell that it is probable the field will be swollen by men who would scarcely compete were it not that this is to be the final opportunity of "fixing up" England at the go-as-you-place game.

A. H. BOGARDOFF offers to shoot a match with Dr. F. W. Carver, now in England, according to the following conditions: each to shoot at 100 birds, 30 yards rise, from five traps, for \$5,000 a side, the POLICE GAZETTE to hold the stakes and appoint the referee.

RICHARD K. FOX, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, is having a belt made for the Chicago middle-weight pugilists to contend for in that city. Wm. Meyer, the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, and Charles Davies will have charge of the trophy and arrange all contests.

THOMAS DONOHUE will meet Thomas Sweeney, of New Haven, on Thursday, the 16th, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, to put up the rest of the stakes and sign articles and appoint place of fighting. If Sweeney means business he will be at the POLICE GAZETTE office on that date.

GEORGE, the English amateur runner, is coming to America to test the speed of Myers, the amateur champion runner of the world. If George had met Myers when the latter was in England he might have saved time and expense and there would have been no necessity for him to cross the Atlantic. If the English champion visits these shores and arranges a 1,000-yard race with Myers his backers will be able to win or lose a large sum, while the race will be well worth witnessing.

THE international single scull race between Robert Watson Boyd, the English single scull champion and Edward Hanlan, will be rowed on the Tyne on April 3. Hanlan's stakes are all ready, but the English oarsman's money has not yet been subscribed. Many claim that the race will never take place and that Boyd will fail to raise the \$500. Hanlan in a letter to a friend, claims that Boyd's stakes will all be posted and that he is determined to meet the Newcastle oarsman in any event.

TWO noted colored boxers, George Taylor of New York and Wm. Godfrey of Boston, Mass., are to have a joint benefit at Madison Square Garden this, Saturday, evening, the 11th inst. Among the volunteers are some of the best boxers in the country. They number among others Prof. McClellan, Ed. McGlinchey, Billy Edwards, Charley Norton, Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy. The affair promises to be one of the most entertaining sporting events of the season.

THE following letter will explain itself:  
NEW YORK, Jan. 30, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

In the last edition of your paper there appeared an item to the effect that Mr. Wm. F. McCoy was interested in the amateur athletic games and 24-hour race to be given by the Williamsburg athletic club. I state emphatically that such is not the case and further that to my personal and official knowledge he is no more interested peculiarly than your honorable self. Respt. yours

J. M. BACON,  
Vice-pres. W. A. C.

JACK KEENAN of Philadelphia, Jack King of Cleveland, O., and George Fuljames of Canada, are three pugilists eager to fight for fame and glory. It may be possible now George Holden and Frank White are set at liberty that the former may be matched to fight either Keenan, King or Fuljames. Holden is one of the cleverest pugilists that ever stood in the ring in this country and no matter what light-weight is pitted against him his opponent will find that he has more than a bargain to defeat the ex-feather-weight champion of England. There is not the least doubt that in a few weeks an important match will be arranged between these noted light-weights.

## WHO WENT TO THE FIGHT.

## How the Metropolis and the Principal Cities were Depleted of their Representative Sportsmen.

Since the celebrated battle at Farnborough, Eng., on April 17, 1880, between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, no such interest in a pugilistic contest has been felt as that created by the match between Ryan and Sullivan. During the two weeks last passed a steady stream of excursionists from all the large cities of the country has been pouring into New Orleans. Numerous delegations of sporting men on their way to the battle ground have visited the GAZETTE office and congratulated the proprietor, Mr. Richard K. Fox, on the success which has rewarded his efforts to elevate the manly art to that plane which it occupied when it received the encouragement of such eminent men as Lord Palmerston. In bringing about a revival of that art which enables one to defend himself without resort to the dirk or revolver Mr. Fox feels that he has done far more for law and order than those who are so loud in their denunciations of the prize ring.

Most of the excursionists from New York left by way of Jersey City. For several days the railroad depot in that city was made lively by the presence of the best known sportsmen in the country and the friends who came to see them off. On the day of the grand rush a representative of the GAZETTE visited the Jersey City depot in company with a veteran who has witnessed every battle of note in this country since Tom Hyer defeated Yankee Sullivan. Said the old man as he gazed upon the throng:

"I haven't seen anything like this in almost twenty years. It puts me in mind of old times."

"Oblige me with some of the names of those you see here," said the GAZETTE representative.

"Well, to begin with, there is Billy Borst," said the veteran. That's him with the natty dress, twisted moustach and square shoulders. Billy used to be a jockey on the trotting track and he is very handy with his hands when he has the gloves on. The man on his right, the smooth-faced, sharp-eyed one, is Al Smith, one of the nerviest men who ever bet a dollar. That is Uncle Joe Elliott, the veteran sporting editor of the Herald. I mean that old gentleman with the patriarchal white beard, white hair and gold mounted spectacles. Looks like a clergyman, doesn't he?"

"He does."

"Yes, and he's a better man than some clergymen I know. Joe has been reporting prize fights I was going to say since Tom Cribb's day—well, since 1849, anyway. He's a queer man to be on the turf—doesn't smoke, chew, drink or swear. I'm telling you that the old man has a great many friends."

"Who is that stout, elderly man who appears to be near-sighted?"

"Ex-Ald. James Irving. He and Borst were partners in the Empire Garden on Sixth avenue. Jim, years ago in the days of Hyer, was a Washington Market butcher. He's an old man but he can hit like a kicking mule yet. A better hearted man never lived than Jim. Hello, here comes O'wey."

"Who's O'wey?"

"O'wey Geoghegan. That's him—the middle-aged, smooth-faced, jolly looking individual talking to Jim Dunne from Brooklyn. Dunne is the six-footer with the brown moustache who is holding his hat in his hand. He was a lively man in the ring in '85, when he licked Bill Davis of California. Two years before he defeated Jimmy Elliott. Dunne has been an alderman since he quit the ring and has held some very responsible public positions."

"Who are those just coming in the door?"

"Of the two short men, one is Arthur Stanley, of New York, the other is Charley Johnson of Brooklyn. Johnson was the man who brought Ryan and Joe Goss together at Collier Station in West Virginia—he was stakeholder, I believe. Here comes a delegation from Brooklyn, take their names," and the old man gave the following list: "James Shannon, Jim Giddings, Tom McFeely, Fred Robinson, John Golden, Robert Murray, Charles Kimpeland, Paddy Dwyer, John Bridges, Thomas Beales, Phil Clare, Jim Glass, George Engeman, Phil McCannley, John Whitefort, Harry McLaughlin, Billy Thomas, Phil Duffy, Pete Ravenhall, Mike Murray, Jim McDermott, Charles Mason, Thomas Fleming, John Kenney, Tom Murphy, Alderman Dwyer, George McKenzie, Pete Dolye, Dr. Von Glahn, Jimmy Cassidy, Jimmy Connolly, Ed Kollmeyer, Tom Clark, Garry Cullen, Mat Burroughs, Charley Vaughan, Tom Nolan, Arthur Quinn, Bob Nelson, Jim McCheserey, Mark Fagan, Denny Short."

"Here are some more New York men," said the veteran as the doors opened. "In the crowd I see Professor McClellan, George Rooke, Jimmy Patterson, Jack Styles, Billy Edwards, John Leary, Peter Muldoon, Tom Draper, Barney Goodwin, Johnny Opp, Ex-Assemblyman Brogan, Rodey Breslin, Martin Boese, Tim Murphy, Tom Gould, Ned Mallahan, Dick Moore, Matt Grace, Mike Coburn, Ed Matthews, Tom McCormack, Captain McCue, Lew Corser, George Engel, Billy McCoy, ex-Alderman Robinson, Mike Costello, Eddie Hanly, John Moss, Tom O'Keefe, J. P. Lewis, M. C. Dorlan, Patsy Owens."

"Who is that coming in the door now?"

"The best dressed and finest looking man down town—Tommy Lynch. He has Ryan's colors hanging behind his bar in Nassau street, and has invested some money on the Troy man. It's a good sign to see men of Lynch's standing take an interest in a match."

"Who is his companion?"

"Nick Langon, an old warrior. He was with Walker in Nicaragua and was one of John Morrissey's devoted adherents. Nick is the liveliest old fellow you ever saw when started, but its seldom that occurs, for he is noted for his good nature. I remember once when a gang tried to 'do' Nick up. He got hold of a hatchet and slashed around like a whole tribe of Indians. Ex-Senator Norton, the Thunderbolt, insists that Nick didn't let go of his tomahawk until he chased one fellow up to Yonkers. Oh! what have we here? A delegation from down town," and the old man called out the following names:

"Chris Schaefer, Jack Hallock, John Kelly (Buffalo), James Cusick, Steve Fields, John Watson, Jim Smith, Mike Hayes, Bob Guion, Pete De Lacey, Dave Wright, John Hayes, Jack Linenthal, Henry Orange, Austin Molloy, 'Los' Curtiss, Mike Holly, John Fields, Jake Gibbons, Joe Doyle, John Doyle, Charles English, Wes Miller, Budd Kirby."

"Is Barney Aaron going?"

"No. He's looking out for Billy Tracy's place up town. Barney is a Sullivan man. Do you observe that portly individual with the broad-brimmed silk hat and smooth face? That is ex-Assemblyman Walsh. When he was a young fellow he was a bad man to fool with, and I'm inclined to think that even now he would make it very lively for some of our young men if called on to assert himself. Like most of the old timers, however, Walsh has taken no interest in pugilists for years past. Well well! the cry is still they come. There are Peter Shag-

pard, Jack Turner, Dick Hollywood, Muldoon the wrestler Johnny Saunders, Mike Donovan, Ed McGlinchey, Abe Smith, Bob Smith, Sport Stacom, George Hall, Mark Cicero Lanigan, Dan Baron, Frank McCoy."

"Who is that gentleman on the left who bears such a remarkable resemblance to the portraits of Andrew Jackson?" inquired the representative of the GAZETTE.

"I gave you his name once. That is Tom Dent. He is an old timer from Brooklyn—keeps a chop house in Jay street. I believe Tom is here to see a friend off. It would do you good to hear Tom tell of the time when Frank Spicola carried him on his back to a fight which came off over 30 years ago near Hoboken. Tom's leg was broken and it appears that when he was on Spicola's back Frank walked plump into a deep spring that was concealed by weeds. He was a great friend of Yankee Sullivan, was Dent. Hyer came near murdering Dent one night because he told the champion that he had no reason to feel proud of licking an old man like Sullivan."

"How did Dent escape?"

The old man chuckled as he replied, "Well, I believe Dent took to his legs and run down to Sullivan's saloon. And a sensible move it was for him to make."

"Do you know that old 'un behind Dent?"

"The gentleman with the full white beard?"

"Aye, well, that's Jim Bevan. He was a hot 'un forty years ago. Jim seconded Bill Travers when the latter fought Bill Focle rough-and-tumble in a store yard on Barrow street between Washington and West streets. Bevan's man lost an eye and the fight I remember a funny expression of his which you often hear quoted. One night Jim got throwing dice in a hotel on the Coney Island road. Reddy the Blacksmith was in, the party. Bevan threw until he was broke. On the last throw he suddenly grabbed one of the dice and hastily examined it. It had sixes on each side."

"Holy Moses," yelled Jim, "I could win St. Peter from the gates of Heaven with that double header!"

"Then he cleaned out the room," added the old man.

There were many who left for New Orleans who were unknown to the representative of the GAZETTE or his friend the veteran. Many of them, judging from their dress and demeanor, were solid citizens. Several of them were unquestionably from Wall street. One of these said to the writer:

"Quite a number of boys from the best social clubs in the city are going to the fight. Of course they are shy about having their names used. I can tell you this for a fact, most of them are going because they have learned that Mr. Fox has put up his money to have a square fight. The trouble of late years has been that responsible men would not touch fighters and so when a man like the proprietor of the GAZETTE steps forward he inspires confidence in all quarters."

Mr. Fox's numerous and valuable business interests prevented him from leaving the city. Having full confidence in the honesty and mettle of Ryan, his representative, Mr. Fox remained in New York.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 1.—A large delegation has left this city for New Orleans. Among those who have gone are Jake Ang, Dick Goodwin, Andy Gilligan, Con Leary, John Sullivan, Arty Duffy, Mike Coughlin, W. J. Johnson, Steve Mead.

Before leaving Dick Goodwin wanted to go on record as saying:

"Paddy Ryan will surely win. You see he has had experience with his naked fists, while Sullivan has never fought without the gloves. I don't think that Ryan's rupture will hurt him, for it did not when he fought with Goss. Then again Ryan is a better wrestler than Sullivan."

The last delegation to leave here consisted of John Murray, Abe Johnson, Dick Rivers, Joe Morrison, Eph Holland, Peter Webb, Ed Abrahams, John Carson, Mike McCarty, Ernest Balz and Tim Crehan.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—The match between Ryan and Sullivan has excited the liveliest interest here. At George Cassidy's and Captain Joe Emerick's places, on Baltimore street, crowds have been present nightly investing their money on the pugilists. Many Baltimoreans left early for New Orleans. Among the number were Dan Collier, Pat McLaughlin (the man of whom it has been said that when he frowns there is war in Europe, and when he smiles the crowned heads are happy), George Cassidy, Al Fulton, Joe Emerick, Barney Emerick, Tommy Boylan, several members of the Wednesday Club, John E. Albaugh, Ned Davis, Pte Kirke, Dan Anderson, Billy Morris, ex-Chief of Police Krow and Billy Thompson.

At the depot Dan Collier said to your correspondent:

"Prize fighting hasn't amounted to much in this country for some time past. I'm glad to see a man like the owner of the POLICE GAZETTE step to the front and work as he has to bring about an honest meeting between Ryan and Sullivan. In the days of the Marquis of Waterford the best men in England were admirers of the manly art. Members of Parliament often stood by the ring side. The consequence was that when reputable men took an interest in pugilism, pugilists met and fought and won on their merits. I'd like to see the same thing done now. Whatever result may follow the meeting of Ryan and Sullivan, it will be conceded that Mr. Fox did his utmost to bring about an honest, up and up contest."

From Chicago there left for the fight the following named sportsmen: Wm. Emmett, Mike McDonald, Chas. E. Davies, Jerry Dunn, Harry Ashly, Tom Nichols, Captain Dawson, George Nichols, Andy Martin, Jim Keese, "Red" Martin, Mike Milligan, Andy Kirke, Robert Peters, Mat Dugan, Dick Carson.

From Buffalo: Dean Wilson, Jacob Geib, James O'Donnell, James Carney, Patrick Lyons, Dan McGuire.

From Pittsburgh: Johnny Newell, George Tann, Chris Harrison, P. O'Hara.

From Philadelphia: Johnny Clark, Squire McMullen, Arthur Chambers, Charley Yale, "Ted" McDonald, "Sport" Hayes, Dick Edwards, James Patterson, Geo. Zeiss, A. R. Johnson, and about twenty others.

From Washington: George Manz, Con Lynch, George Holmes, Jack White, the Jones Brothers, "Taff" Kiernan, Pete Meagher.

From Richmond: Captain Putnam, A. B. Dresbury, Al Powell, James Ford.

From Norfolk, Va.: Jimmy Jones, Mike Ryan, W. J. Kelly.

From Boston, James Keenan, James J. Bagley, John Stewart, Dave Blanchard, Thos. Early, James Stevenson, Horace Jordan, Dan Burke, Billy Peters, Arthur Nicholson.

From Albany: Johnny Burke, Jack King, Dick Vass, Captain Murphy, Pug Farley, Bene Johnson, Joe McCormack, Billy Thompson, Patrick Quinn, Peter Van Audale, Joseph Dinsford.

From Sing Sing, (the village): Con Dailey, Peter Keenan, John Giberey, Jimmy Davis, Billy Ressayge, Henry Schute, George A. Bell.

From San Francisco: Jim Madden, Joe Doyle, Robert Mack, Capt. Maguire, Dan Connell, Joseph Burns, Robert Kelly, Billy Walker, Mose Richards.

The railroad officials on duty at Jersey City informed the GAZETTE representative that the excursionists from New York were the best behaved and most respectable sporting men who ever left New York.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## PORTRAITS OF THE GLADIATORS.

For 5 cents apiece, the two for 10 cents, we will mail from this office portraits of the POLICE GAZETTE'S champion, **Paddy Ryan**, of Troy, and of **John L. Sullivan**, each on a separate sheet with his colors. These two engravings are the only authentic portraits of the warriors out. They are calculated for framing and are the very finest works of art ever offered for ten times the price. No sporting collection is complete without them.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
183 William Street, N. Y.

## SPORTING.

P. J. Hogan City.—Write to the lady; we do not know her age.

M. W. Buffalo, N. Y.—Tom Sayers died Nov. 11, 1865, aged 39 years.

J. M. Troy, N. Y.—Wm. H. has been purchased by Newburg, N. Y. parties for \$10,000.

H. C. Clark, Troy, N. Y.—Tom King and John C. Heenan only fought once in the prize ring.

M. W. Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Pierre Lorillard. 2. Chas. Reed's Thora won the sum of \$15,250 last season.

W. W. Boston, Mass.—James R. Keene has 9 and Pierre Lorillard 49 entries for the spring handicaps in England.

J. S. Leavenworth, Kansas.—John C. Heenan and Tom King fought in England Dec. 10, 1863, the latter winning in 24 rounds in 35m.

B. J. Norfolk, Va.—1. Send for the "Life of Paddy Ryan," now ready. 2. We do not know the physical proportions of the two pugilists.

P. S. Kansas City.—Jim Dunne of Brooklyn and Bill Davis fought on May 16, 1865, in Canada. Dunne won in 43 rounds, lasting 1h. 6m.

D. W. Rochester, N. Y.—1. Falsetto won the Travers stakes at Saratoga, N. Y., on July 19, 1879. 2. The distance is 1 3/4 miles. 3. Falsetto's time was 3:09 1/2.

W. M. S. Louisville, Ky.—1. No. 2. Pierre Lorillard's entries for the Lincolnshire handicap to be run on March 22 in England are Iroquois, Aranza, Mistake and Nereid.

GEORGIE, Baltimore, Md.—1. Rowell covered 146 1/7 miles in 24h. 2. The Hanlan-Boyd race will take place April 3 on the Tyne and will be for \$5,000, or \$2,500 a side.

W. C. Port Jervis, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Send for the "Life of Paddy Ryan." 3. George Hazael's, the English pedestrian, best time running for 100m. is 15 hours 36m. 51 seconds.

J. W. Cincinnati, O.—Blower Brown's, the English pedestrian's best record for six-day go-as-you-please is 553m. and 170yds., made in the contest for the English Astley Belt, in Eng., Feb. 16, 1880.

LIONEL, Buffalo, N. Y.—All pugilists who aspire to battle for the middle-weight championship must not exceed 154lbs. in weight. All pugilists over 154lbs. come under the class of heavy-weights.

G. S. Rochester, N. Y.—1. Silvio, winner of the Derby in 1877, was sold to a French nobleman for \$35,000 and not Pierre Lorillard. 2. The value of the Cesar-wich stakes won by Foxhall was \$6,435.

M. W. S. Jackson, Tenn.—1. No. 2. Barney Aaron never fought Billy Edwards. 3. Ned O'Baldwin, the great Irish giant, stood 6ft. 5 1/2 in. in height and weighed, untrained, 284lbs.; trained in condition 198lbs.

S. B. Nashville, Tenn.—1. Yes. 2. Send for "Champions of the American Prize Ring." 3. Gerald is by imp. Saxon out of the Girl of the Period, she by Virgil out of Nannie Butler by Lexington.

MADISON FINCH, Knoxville, Iowa.—It would occupy too much space to publish all of Tom Sayers' battles. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring," published by Richard K. Fox.

H. M. Buffalo, N. Y.—1. The distance of the Derby course at Epsom, Eng., is one mile and a half. 2. The Two Thousand Guinea course is 1m. and 17yds. 3. It would take up more space than we could spare.

H. S. W. Algiers, La.—1. Yankee Sullivan was born at Banton near Cork, Ireland, April 12, 1813. He defeated Vince Hammond, Tom Secor, Prof. Ball and Bob Caunt and was beaten by Tom Hyer and John Morrissey in this country.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Important to Advertisers.

Owing to the large and constantly increasing circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE, our rates for advertisements after January 1, 1882, will be 75c. per line, net.

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MISCELLANEOUS PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass.

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**\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and** conditions free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland Maine.

**\$72 a week, \$12 a day at home easily** made. Postly outfit free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

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**The Old Wooden Rucker, corner of Court** Street and Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn, Johnny Bohanna, Proprietor. Don't fail to call at the new and elegantly fitted-up and roomy pictures at the "Old House at Home." Remember the Old Wooden Rucker is at the corner of Court Street and Hamilton Avenue. Greenwood cars pass the door. The best Wines, Liquors, and Segars furnished at regular market prices.

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**The William H. Borst Restaurant and** Bar, 34 Murray Street, corner of Church. Finest Brands of Imported Liquors and Segars. The Choicest of Liquors Bottled for Family Use.

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For sale by all Druggists.

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READ DR. ENDEMANN'S PROFESSIONAL ENDORSEMENT BELOW:  
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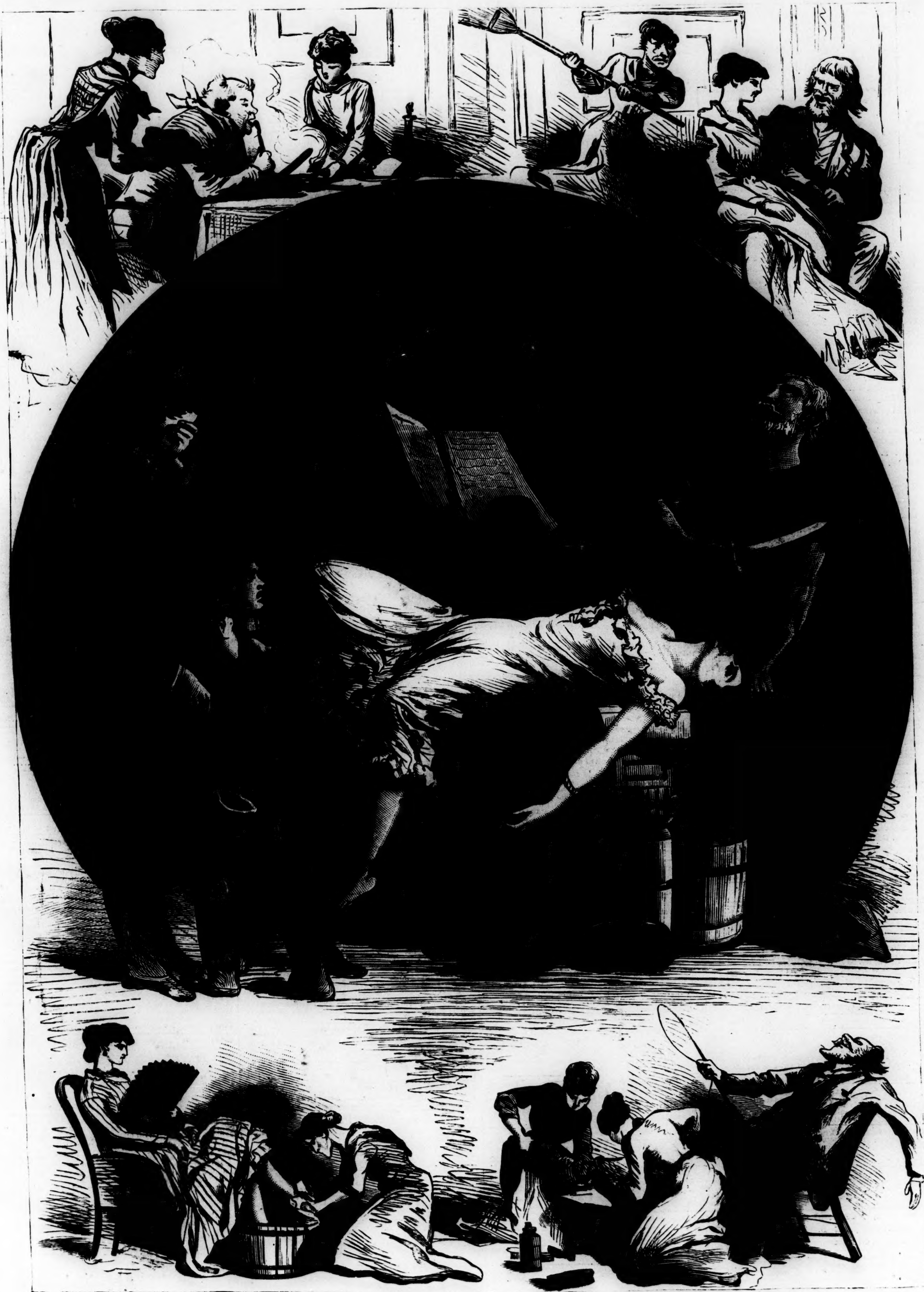
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ILLUSTRATED FROM THE EXPERIENCES OF A WOMAN AMONG THE LATTER DAY DEVILS.—WIVES WHO ARE BUTCHERED, BODY AND SOUL,  
FOR "THE GOOD OF THE FAITH," WHICH OUGHT TO BE SWEEPED FROM THE EARTH.



THE RYAN AND SULLIVAN PRIZE FIGHT.

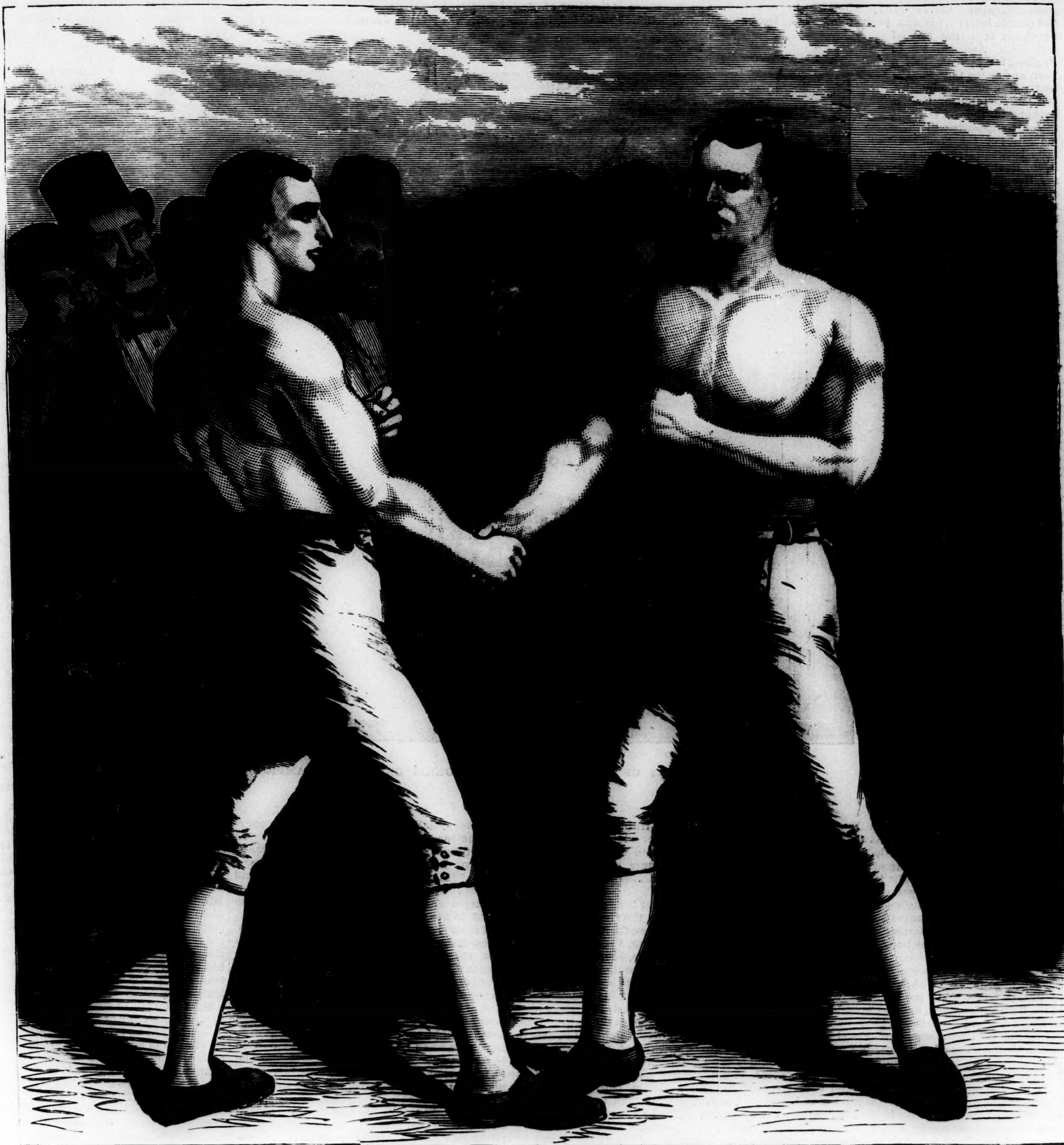
# SUPPLEMENT TO THE POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK

Richard K. Fox, Publisher.

FREE WITH

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1882.

No. 230.



READY FOR THE BATTLE!

THE LAST COURTESY OF THE GLADIATORS RYAN AND SULLIVAN IN THE RING.—A HAND SHAKE THAT PRECEDED SOME OF THE HARDEST BLOWS ON RECORD.



## THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.

**How the Gladiators Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan Came Together.**

**Where the Boston Boy and the Trojan Won Their Renown.**

The great event is over at last! The long-talked-of fight for the championship of America, between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan, has come to a head, to the delight of an immense delegation of sports from all quarters of the Union. The prophets who have had a verification of their oracular predictions and those whose forecast has been belied through the stern arbitrament of battle by the "manly art," are relatively at the extremes of popularity and obscurity. And yet to be a successful prophet in this event was a matter of mere chance after all, for the two gladiators were such mighty ones and their brawny development was so heightened that chance entered greatly into the encounter. It was a battle of giants, in which everything was on a prodigious scale. The men were the exemplars of physique—perfection in their athletic prowess and their gameness—their training had been most skillful and their condition when set in the ring in battle array was perfection. The event has been the talk of not only America but of England for at least half a year, and as the time for the battle drew near the interest became so intense that it brought to the surface all the old time sports, with their memories of the great contests between Hyer and Sullivan, Heenan and Morrissey, Heenan and Sayers, and all the other big events of the prize ring away down the brightened retrospective of years long gone.

**How the Great Affair Came About.**

John L. Sullivan bounded into the fighting arena unheralded and unknown less than two years ago. He had been a base ball player and a famous athlete on that exhilarating field, when it gradually dawned upon him that he could hit a remarkably heavy blow with his fist and that instead of making profit by hitting home runs on a base ball he could do better by knocking men around a platform with boxing gloves. He tried this on and made a success of it—so great a success, indeed, that he had to offer a premium to even the heaviest fighting men to induce them to submit to his sledge-hammer blows. His successes in this line "boom ed" him in a month to the very forefront of pugilism. He tried the best available talent with the gloves and boastfully offered a prize of \$50 to any man who could stand against him with the gloves for four rounds according to the Marquis of Queensbury's rules. He went across the continent and all around, east and west, north and south, but everywhere he went triumph perched on his banners.

Naturally his bold and unusual *deft* had the effect of stirring up the pugnacity of the fighting element all around, but more especially in New York. There the sporting element cast about for a big one to test the abilities of the new Goliath who had come from the camp of the Yankee Philistines down east to defy the children of Israel, et al. No better man could be got at short notice for a scrap for small stakes than a burly longshoreman named John Flood, who had had some lively scrimmages in his time and who was thought to be a tough nut to crack.

Sullivan and Flood were brought into, impromptu collision, without any training, on a barge anchored in the Hudson river just above New York city—a fighting ground chosen to prevent any surprise by the alert and daring police of the metropolis. Flood was no match for the strong boy from Boston. That was apparent the moment they came together. The first blow that Sullivan got in was landed plump on the side of Flood's jaw and completely demoralized him. He was groggy and no good from that moment. In the expressive language of a bulging-eyed and very much astounded New York reporter who had never attended a prize fight before, "Sullivan hit Flood so hard in the neck that it swelled his ankles," and he could hardly stand after that and made only the feeblest show of fight during the succeeding two or three rounds. This gave a greater impetus to the Sullivan boom than ever and the Boston Philistines trumpeted the valor of their Goliath louder

than ever. Which made the other camp feel sore and at last the trumpeting became so loud that it reached the ears of the pugilistic champion of America, Paddy Ryan, who had won his laurels in the roped arena against a redoubtable antagonist, Joe Goss.

**The Preliminaries of the Match.**

Paddy soon found a backer in Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the New York POLICE GAZETTE, who agreed to put up his share of the stakes in a match to fight Sullivan for \$5,000 and the title of Champion of the World. Sullivan, who had never been in the ring, wanted Ryan to make it a match for a smaller stake and to settle the matter with the gloves. This did not suit Paddy, whose stronghold was a square out-and-out fight with the bare knuckles. There was a great deal of preliminary "chin music" over this point but finally the men came together and settled on a match. The first deposit was made and after some more talk Harry Hill of New York was chosen stakeholder and the men went on their sparring tours east and west, showing up to the gratification of their hosts of friends and stirring up an enthusiasm that has been unprecedented for a quarter of a century. Then the training began and the men were located at the training quarters in Mississippi, near the secretly selected fighting ground, which was to have been on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, but legislative action towards lodging the

climated, for fear that at the last moment the brackish water of the Mississippi might have a deteriorating effect on either or both of them. So the pugs found themselves finely located among the blooming fields and orange groves of the South, Sullivan attended by Madden, and Ryan under the careful handling of Roche, who had been his trainer for the battle with Goss.

**A Mixed Canvass for the Chances.**

Opinions throughout the country were widely diverse and the judgment of the men and their qualities were radical, either broadly prejudiced for or broadly prejudiced against. In summing up the records of the fighters a week before the fight a Southern sporting man who favored Sullivan put it in these terms:

"One who has seen Sullivan and Ryan and who is a good judge says that Sullivan is a terrible hitter and quick as a cat, while Ryan is shoulder-bound and ruptured and although a powerful man his blows do not reach the object struck at with all their force. This it is said is caused by a binding in the large muscles behind the shoulders. Take for instance a large and powerful draught horse. Although he is better muscled than a young mule he cannot kick half so hard as the latter, simply because his muscles become stiffened by hard work, while the mule's are free and active. Such is the case exactly with Ryan and Sullivan. While Ryan's muscles are bound from

that had during his confinement been arranged between Dwyer and Jimmy Elliott. Dwyer won this fight and Ryan immediately challenged him. Dwyer in reply said he had quit the business and in refusing to accept Ryan's challenge he was credited with giving the latter a hard rap with his tongue. Ryan hearing of this sought Dwyer out and finding him at a well known New York sporting resort demanded an apology. Dwyer refused to apologize and a rough-and-tumble fight ensued, in which both men were badly used up, although quickly repaired by the bystanders. Even this occurrence, however, did not change Ryan's course, and, still anxious to enter the ring, he issued a challenge offering to fight any man in the world for the championship and \$1,000 aside. Both Goss and Elliott were tempted to try their fists on the Trojan and Goss being the liveliest of the two secured the match. He met Ryan on West Virginia soil June 1, 1880. After eighty-seven rounds had been fought and both men terribly punished, Ryan with his right hand knocked Goss to his knees and ended the fight.

The result of this contest made Ryan more pugnaciously inclined than ever, and he issued a challenge offering to fight any man in the world for any sum. John L. Sullivan, a Boston lad only 23 years of age, and a perfect specimen of manhood, about this time loomed up as a boxer. He handled his good arms in a way that astonished the natives and knocked down every man who dared face him with hard gloves. His name and reputation was heralded abroad and he was talked of in fighting circles as just the man to accommodate the Trojan giant.

Ryan was eager to meet the new candidate for pugilistic honors and Sullivan being ready to accept any fair invitation a meeting was arranged and a financial discussion commenced. Mike McDonald, the Chicago gambler, appeared as Sullivan's backer and Richard K. Fox, of New York, announced himself ready to stand by Ryan for any amount. Five thousand dollars a side was the sum named and to show that Ryan meant business Mr. Fox deposited \$1,000 with Harry Hill, the New York sport, requesting Sullivan's friend to cover it. McDonald refused to have Hill for stakeholder and would not put up any money.

Billy Madden, Sullivan's trainer, getting disgusted at the bickerings which followed determined to back Sullivan himself and posted \$500, agreeing to match his man against Ryan for \$2,500 a side. The proposition was accepted, Feb. 7 named as the day for the fight and the battle ground to be within one hundred miles of New Orleans. Owing to the passage of the bill in the Mississippi legislature the location of the fight may now be changed, but notwithstanding the stringency of the laws there are plenty of points along the river near New Orleans where the two could battle the life out of each other before the authorities could connect and put an end to the fun.

**The Pugilists in Training.**

This sort of talk gave an impetus to betting and the new partisans of either man put out their money with the freedom of sporting Southerners. Everything was progressing satisfactorily, the men were comfortably located at their training quarters and had got well down to their work when the Mississippi legislature began hostilities against them by the introduction of an act prescribing severe penalties for prize fighting in the State. The intent was evidently to catch the pugilists napping and to cage them both before they could say "Jack Robinson." But the trainers got early word of the designs of the legislative enemy and fled to New Orleans in a night and got new quarters the next day on the hospitable soil of Louisiana, where the public sentiment and legislative admiration for sport were of such intensity as to not only make the fighting men safe but to make their gladiatorial display a genuine popular festival. They were treated most cordially in the Crescent City. The big men, the merchants, the politicians all came out nobly and gave them a reception. Sullivan had given an exhibition of his sparring points on his first arrival in town and had netted a clear \$500. He had been the lion and the favorite until the more genial and companionable Ryan had come on the scene and the sports had sized him up. Then they veered around considerably and Paddy was the favorite. When the knowing ones and the betting men of the South sized the two men up they hugged



FIGHTING COLORS OF PADDY RYAN, THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION.

entire party—fighters, trainers and friends—in jail as criminals occasioned a stampede two weeks before the date of the fight, their location in other quarters and the selection of a new battle ground where there could be no opposition.

Ryan's advantage over the young Bostonian was that he had been in the ring once and had made a game and successful fight against an expert of the London ring, a redoubtable hero who had faced Tom Sayers, Jem Mace and the best of the English heavy-weight fighters. His friends and backer took into account the tremendous hitting power of his fresh young antagonist but thought that Paddy's gameness would pull him through all punishment, while the untested novice might not be able to bear the hard knocks that the Troy giant would be sure to administer. The two champions being exactly counterpoised in this manner by the speculative betting men, the wagers ran high at evens and immense sums of money were staked all over the country. The western and southern men were especially enthusiastic in the matter and many of them, acting only on their judgment as they appeared in their sparring exhibitions, staked their last dollar on that one of the champions who chanced to catch their fancy by his looks or methods.

The fighters were early near the scene selected for the battle, it being thought necessary by their trainers that they should be ac-

hard work, Sullivan's are free from the exercise he received in playing base ball. In weight there is not much difference between the two. In height Ryan has a little the best of it. He stands 6ft. 1 1/2 in. in height and weighs 190 lbs. Sullivan stands 5ft. 10 inches in height and weighs when in fighting trim about 182 lbs."

Of their records Ryan has perhaps the best, if best it may be called. His only real fight was that with Joe Goss, when the two fought 87 rounds in one hour and twenty-seven minutes, Ryan winning. Ryan was ever on the fight but he seemed to have hard luck always in the attempt to get on a mill. Once he challenged Johnny Dwyer, the Brooklyn heavy-weight, and Johnny said he was willing, and named \$2,000 a side as the amount to be fought for. This suited Ryan. Before the forfeit money was posted, however, it was announced that Dwyer and Joe Goss would have a set-to in Brooklyn. Ryan, anxious to see Dwyer handling his mawleys, accompanied Goss to the other side but the assault at arms never took place, owing to a financial misunderstanding.

Crossing the river to New York the night of the fiasco the Ryan party were attacked by a lot of roughs, who knocked Ryan down, kicked him in the face and then plunged a knife into his body in the vicinity of the kidneys. He was not permanently injured, however, and recovering he awaited the result of a battle



themselves with delight. "There is fight in both of them," said they, "and no mistake. They both mean what they say and that is business every time. We're going to enjoy the first square out-and-out fight for years."

The men had no time for social receptions, however, for they had been driven out of their training quarters two weeks before the fight in the very height of their work of preparation; so it was necessary that they should at once go out into the country away from the diverting influences of the city and the troops of friends they found there. Their trainers quickly got them out to their new quarters and worked diligently to bring them into form for the successful accomplishment of the great task that had been laid out for them.

Then rumors started by some mysterious parties got into circulation in New Orleans. It was said in sporting circles that Mr. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, was anxious to withdraw his stakes and had determined to break up the match. This was not regarded at first but it grew by constant repetition and put on an air of apparent authenticity through a letter which was received by Sullivan and purporting to have been signed by Mr. Fox. This missive notified Sullivan that Mr. Fox intended to withdraw his share of the stakes from the hands of Harry Hill and further stated that in case he, Sullivan, won Mr. Fox would sue him for his money. Sullivan thought this authentic, and approached Ryan on the subject.

"Let me see the letter," said Paddy.

Sullivan showed it to him. "That's not Fox's signature," said Ryan, indignantly, "and I'll bet a hundred dollars he never wrote it, nor authorized anyone to write it."

Here and then to make it straight Paddy telegraphed to Mr. Fox in New York, and received an immediate answer that the letter was a forgery, and that win or lose the money would not be diverted from its purposes as a stake to be fought for and won or lost in a fair square manner. Moreover, Mr. Fox stated that he had no intention of throwing any obstacle in the way of the fight, and that it was his desire to see it pushed to its end. This settled the matter and put a stop to all the wild rumors that were flying around. The pugilists went at their training more earnestly than ever, the betting men laid out their money with unwonted freedom, and the authorities, even, took a hand in, and gave every assurance that there would be no annoying interference with the preliminaries or the immediate routine of the business in hand. Thus encouraged, the sports were radiant in anticipation of the great event, and the pugilists kept at their work without apprehensions of untoward events from magisterial interference, which always impends when the little matinees of the pugilistic "fancy" take place in the phlegmatic and less sportive North.

#### Going to the Fight.

For two or three weeks immediately preceding the day set for the fight, which was the 7th of February, the "flush" sporting men were gravitating to New Orleans, and the time was occupied by those not so well "fixed" in raking together sufficient money to carry them to the sunny South. No one who admired the ring was willing to miss an event of such proportions as this affair of Ryan and Sullivan had assumed.

On Jan. 23, a special train from Jersey City carried out an immense throng of New York sporting men including turfmen, bankers, brokers, merchants, several famous lights of the ring, and the leaders of sport in various fields in the metropolis. Gotham was depleted of her fancy element almost entirely. That evening there came along a special train from the east which carried a tremendous crowd of Boston men, merchants and sports of every shade, backers and admirers of Sullivan. At the same time there started another special train from Troy, the old stamping ground of Paddy Ryan. There was a goodly crowd of citizens of that famous fighting town which gave us not only Ryan but before his time the sturdy Morrissey and Heenan, and all were enthusiastic admirers and staunch backers of Paddy.

When these reinforcements poured into New Orleans and began spending money and going on their mild rackets and seeing the town and talking fight and canvassing the prospects of their favorites the city presented a holiday air, and a carnival atmosphere seemed to pre-

vail. Before the fight, Ryan, agreeably to his promise, gave a sparring exhibition for the gratification of his new found Southern friends, and was greeted enthusiastically by an overwhelming house. His appearance and action clinched the favorable opinions previously formed, and the excitement which was already up to fever heat on the very eve of the fight, raged higher still.

Every one agrees that nothing like this popular interest was ever before manifested in a pugilistic event, and it was accounted for by the Southerner's admiration of human pluck, and his delight at the assurance that there was to be no crooked work in this much-talked-of affair, but on the contrary that it was to be out and out what its principals claimed, a manly test of pugilistic prowess. Among the sporting men who were prominent amid the great throng from all parts of the country, and who were jubilant over the happy state of affairs, were Harry Hill, Uncle Joe Elliott, Al Smith, Charles Kimpland, Chas. Johnson, Wm. H. Borst, Ned Mallahan, Chas. Davies, James Patterson, John Styles, James Dunne, Arthur Stanley, Richard Moore, Matt Grace, Ed Mathews, Thomas McCormack, Frank Stevenson, Peter Muldoon and Lew Corser, of New York; James Keenan, James J. Bagley, John Stewart, David Blanchard and Thomas Early, of Boston; Michael McDonald, Jerry Dunn and Charles E. Davies, of Chicago;

Ryan's is round, and beautifully rounded, too. Going into details and starting at the lowest extremities, Ryan's legs would seem to show strength, agility and endurance, all combined to the highest perfection. His hips were absolutely splendid, despite the truss he wore. Ryan's chest it was noticeable, too, was entirely free of flesh; every rib could be distinctly seen and might be counted. The most noticeable muscle in Sullivan's arm is that which is mostly used in lifting. With Ryan, on the contrary, the hitting muscles made the best appearance, and then it was observable that from the hips up to the shoulder there were no lumps on Ryan's body, every single muscle being numerical. The hitting muscle, behind the shoulders to the right, looked like bone, and the muscles of the forearm felt to the touch like iron. It was not necessary to see a man who could make such an exhibit strike at anything. How he could hit might be taken for granted without making any display of that kind.

It was now dinner time and that important meal was announced. An adjournment was made to the great saloon of Walker's Hotel, down stairs.

"Well, Mr. Roche," said the reporter, "have you got all the superfluous flesh off of Ryan?"

"I guess you can answer that question pretty correctly, as you have just seen him. Only I think when the fight comes off they will find

make a selection, as if they supposed we were not capable of making that ourselves."

"I have some curiosity to know what place would be entirely acceptable to them as a fighting ground. Do let us have it."

"Well, your race course, and it does look to me, in making the selection, that it is made with the view of keeping the fight from coming off. They know just as well as we do that if the fight comes off within the city limits the city authorities may—indeed, it has been said they will—take measures to prevent it. Now, this don't look as if they were very anxious for business. It would rather appear they were like the fellow who was almost dying to fight, and wanted somebody to prevent him. No, sir, we came here to fight, and will fight, and do not want any of that kind of nonsense. Outside of the city limits the city authorities cannot interfere, and you may be sure not the slightest chances that would make interference even possible are wanted by us."

"Mr. Roche, I am afraid you and I have set a very bad example to our young friends here and have been talking too much ourselves. I would like to ask one more question and then I will be willing to 'wind up.' Mr. Ryan, what have you to say about the coming fight? As a principal actor it seems to me you might have something to say about it."

"Well, if you want it you shall have it. I will make a desperate fight. I expect to be winner; but, win or lose this fight will be my last."

Dinner over—and Ryan did certainly make a good, hearty meal, giving evidence in that respect at least that it would appear he was in the best of health—the party went out upon one of the galleries and here found assembled quite a number of persons who had come to the hotel from the city for the purpose of taking a peep at the great Trojan. It was certainly a better looking crowd than that which the writer had seen attending one of the Sullivan levees on a very recent occasion. Among the visitors was a very pretty lady, the leading actress in one of the dramatic companies, who had come out to West End with her husband for the sole purpose of having a talk with the great champion. The Trojan certainly did not look like a man that could strike anything then, but deported himself with all the ease and gentlemanly bearing of the most perfect knight of the carpet. The POLICE GAZETTE champion did the honors in a style worthy of the State he hailed from, and astonished everybody by his easy grace and winning ways with the softer sex.

"Bah!" said old John Roche, "Do you find anything wonderful in that? Did you ever see an Irishman that didn't have a tender spot in his heart for the ladies, and did you ever see one that couldn't take as naturally to pleasing them as a duck takes to water?"

"Well," said Colonel Something-or-other, a relic of ante-bellum wealth, "this is a progressive age. We live to see pugilists with private secretaries, business managers and stewards, holding levees with the graces and etiquette of Chesterfield."

After a short promenade one of the actors who had accompanied the lady on the visit asked the POLICE GAZETTE's giant:

"What do you think is going to be the result of your meeting with Sullivan?"

"Oh, somebody's going to be hurt—that's certain," replied Ryan, with a bright twinkle of his gray eyes.

"And who do you think is going to win?"

"Myself, of course. I know Sullivan is boasting that he will knock me out in three rounds. He may. There's no telling; but I am pretty confident he will not. If he does, however, you depend on it I'll be with him when it's done."

"How is your general condition?"

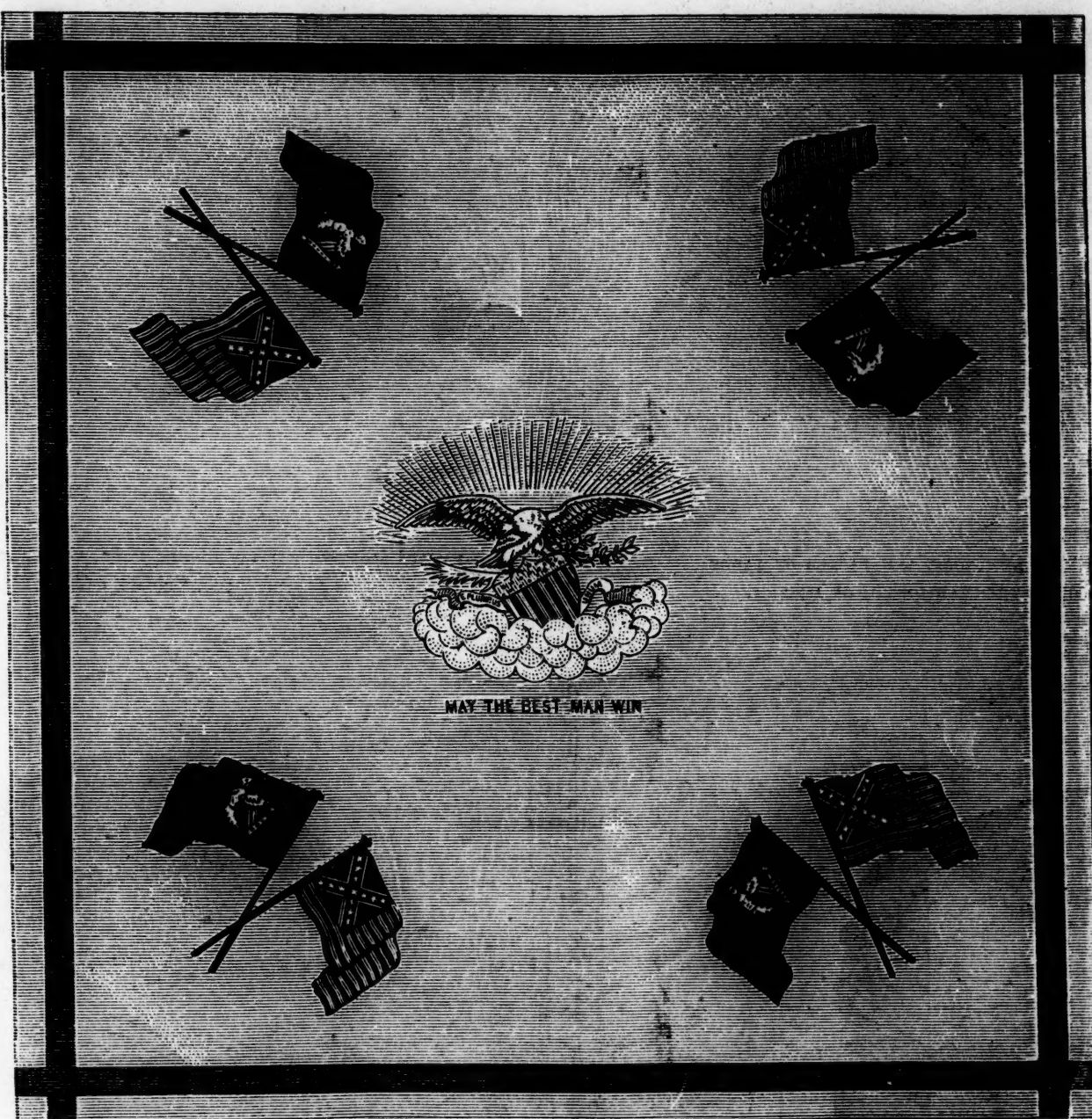
"Prime—much better than when I fought Goss. I was not well that day, but that fact was kept a secret until after I had got away with my man."

"Goss is very confident that Sullivan will make short work with you."

"Oh, yes; but he boasted before his fight with me that he was going to polish me off in twenty minutes. And did he do it? Not much. That's just about his value as a prophet."

"And with these words Ryan dismissed his guests with a bow, and gallantly doffing his hat to the ladies of the party returned to the house to resume his work with his trainers.

This one interview added immensely to his popularity and to the number of his friends.



COLORS OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN, THE BOSTON "STRONG BOY."

James Carney, Patrick Lyons, Daniel McGuire, James O'Donnell, Jacob Gelb and Dean Wilson, of Buffalo, as well as the pugilists Billy Edwards, Barney Aaron, Ed McGlinchey, George Fullames, Patsey Sheppard, Arthur Chambers, Owney Geoghegan, Jack Turner, Dick Hollywood and Johnny Stack.

#### The Police Gazette Champion Visited.

Two or three days before the fight a reporter and a physician, a lecturer on anatomy, visited Ryan and passed an afternoon with him. He had just come in from his walk, had had his bath, and was being rubbed down in his bedroom. The professor of anatomy reported:

The first thing that strikes one who has seen both men stripped is the greater symmetry of outline in the figure of Ryan over that of Sullivan. Leaving all other considerations out of the question and looking only for beauty of form, it did not take a moment's consideration to decide that Ryan was far the superior of the two. There were no incongruities anywhere. Ryan's legs appeared as if made to fit Ryan's body and his arms made to fit his body and legs. He appeared to be as nearly as possible a perfect specimen of a man. Each muscle of the body was in perfect unison and order; no unsightly lumps appeared anywhere. Sullivan's figure, whatever else may be said in its favor, is not a pretty one. It may be described as flat, while that of

he is not sick, anyhow. There is an immense deal of talk and blowing on the other side; and, if that could win, they would certainly be winners beyond all manner of doubt. Outside you may get their opinions by the bushel, and all of them put together are not worth a row of pins. Did Joe Goss tell you what he thought of Sullivan?"

"Yes, sir; he said he thought Sullivan would finish up Ryan in thirty minutes."

"Well, he swore when he fought Ryan he (Goss) could clean Ryan out in twenty minutes. Why didn't he do that? The devil thank him for his opinions. We won't go to him for them. Our man don't require any bolstering. He can get along without that."

"Have you seen Emmett, of Chicago? He said last evening on the public cars on his way to Carrollton that he would bet any amount on Sullivan from \$100 to \$5,000."

"Well, there is another specimen of a talker, who sows his opinions on the public streets, and won't go one inch further when called upon to put his money up. I know he has backed square down when called upon to plank up."

"Have you decided where the fight will come off?"

"No; and may not determine that until Kelly gets here. We have had a proposition, however, from the other side, and they are very anxious that we should let them help us to





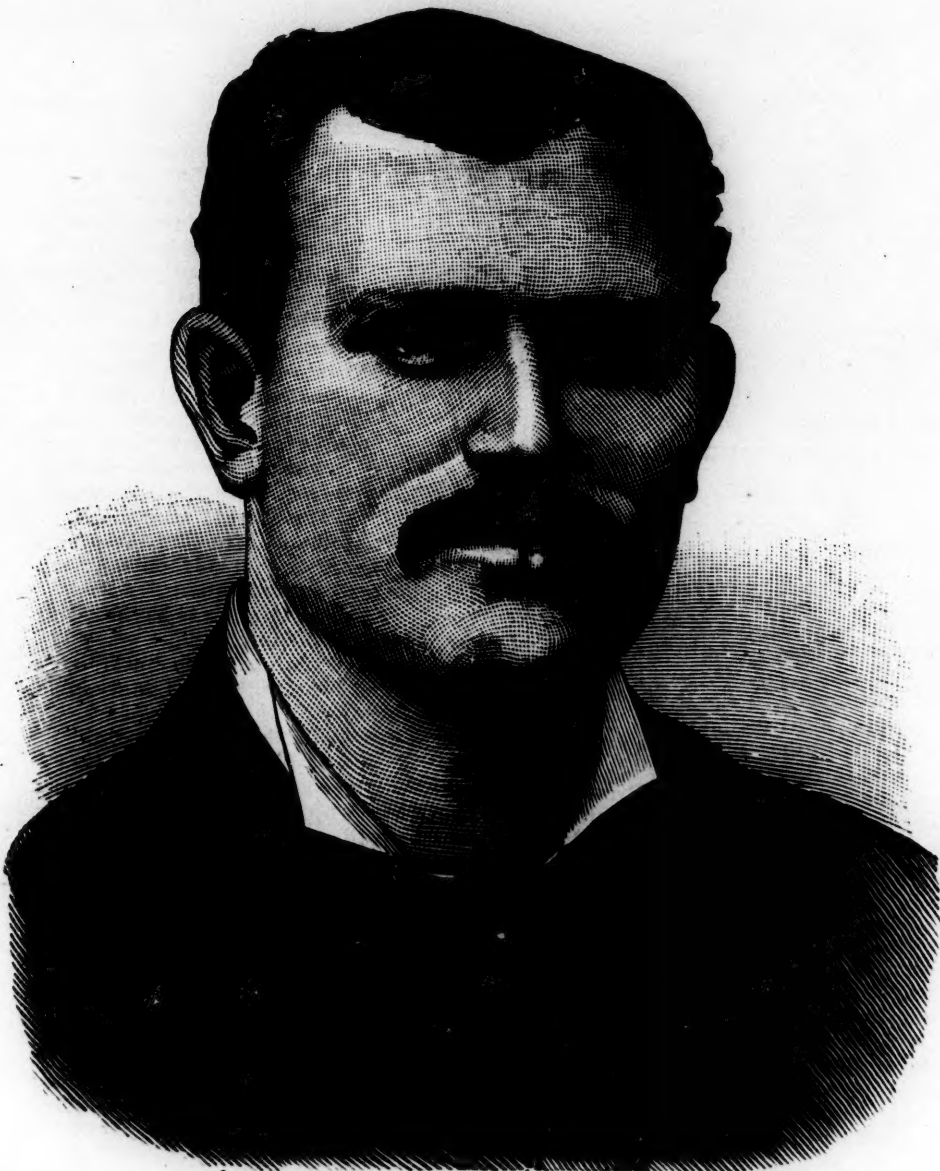
RICHARD K. FOX,

PROPRIETOR OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE," OF NEW YORK, AND BACKER OF PADDY RYAN IN THE GREAT FIGHT FOR \$5,000 AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.



JAMES KEENAN,

FAMOUS SPORTING MAN OF BOSTON, MASS., BACKER OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN AGAINST THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION.



PADDY RYAN,

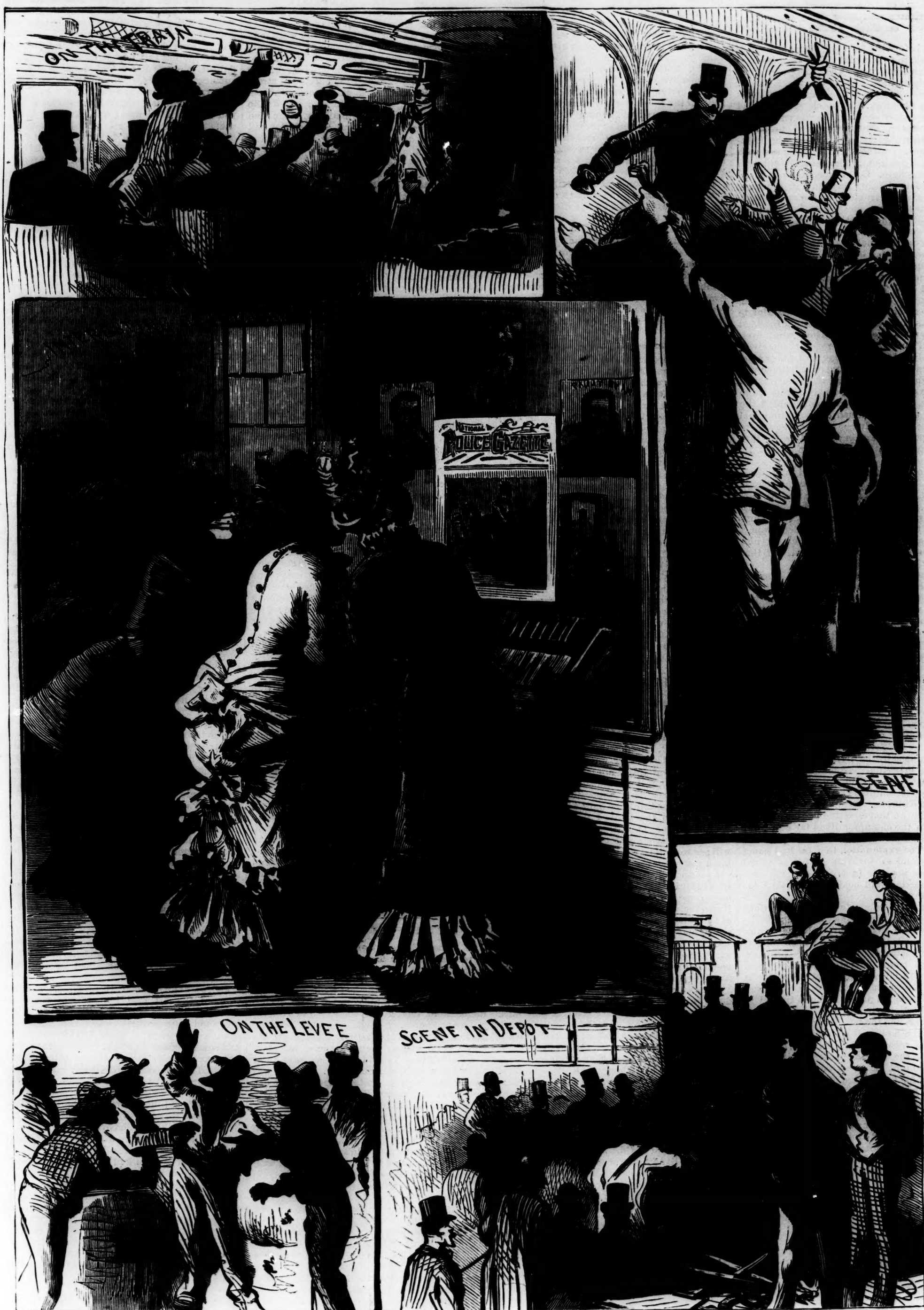
OF TROY, N. Y., BACKED BY THE "POLICE GAZETTE," OF NEW YORK, IN THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.



JOHN L. SULLIVAN,

OF BOSTON, MASS., THE FAMOUS "STRONG BOY," RYAN'S ANTAGONIST IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT.





JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

SCENES IN NEW ORLEANS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP TO THE FIGHTING GROUND WHERE PADDY RYAN, THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION, AND JOHN L. SULLIVAN MET.



## IN THE RIVAL CAMPS.

Gathering of Ryan's and Sullivan's  
Henchmen and How They Girded  
on Their Armor.

A week before the fight the heavy stream of visitors began to pour into New Orleans, and all through that famous week the trains came in laden down with pilgrims to the Mecca of the "pugs." The air of the Crescent City was thick with fight talk. The hotels were crowded with representatives from the "fancy" of the entire country, whose words of prophetic wisdom were eagerly dwelt upon by the inexperienced citizens. Business was impregnated with the spirit of pugilism. The general topic was fight, everywhere. Cotton speculators paused in the midst of their haggling in the busy mart to give their views on the great event. The darkies rolling casks and bales on the levee, loafed in their work to hear the expatiations of some lounging negro of sporting predilections on the qualities of the fighters, and many a wager was laid off-hand by the indolent sons of Ham on the result of the contest. The authorities had the fighting fever, too—and had it bad. They had promised that there should be no interference; that everything should go smoothly and merrily according to the desires of the heroes who wanted to get at each other in the ring. They went even farther. They bet on the result themselves, and warmly espoused the cause of either side. They attended the fight, and put all the movements of the pugilists under the fostering and protective charge of the potent officers of the law. New Orleans had eagerly adopted the match for the championship as a municipal holiday—as a big thing—and its citizens were determined that nothing should occur that might deteriorate its quality or defeat its intent.

The joy of the sports who had paid their money to reach the scene knew no bounds when they found that everything was so surpassingly "lovely," and the abandon with which they threw themselves into the enjoyments of the great city of the South was a caution to even the toughest rounders and the workers of the liveliest "rackets" of that peculiarly lively vicinity.

The rumor mills were kept in active operation all through this happy period of anticipation. At one time the prevailing story was that Ryan was ruptured and could not fight. Then it was said with owlish gravity that Sullivan had broken his arm and sprained his side while pounding a sand bag. As each story gained headway there was a rush of the sports out to the training quarters of the men to ascertain the truth, and each time they received the intelligence that all was going well, and that the yarns about the injury of the fighters were made out of whole cloth.

On Sunday, Jan. 24, there was another tremendous flutter among the "fancy," which gave rise to another flood of wild rumors. This was caused by the arrival of a train from New York, bringing, besides many famous sporting men, Joe Goss, the old antagonist of Ryan, and ex-English champion. With him came Jesse Kilbride. The news flew like wildfire around town that Goss, the fighter who had battled with the champion Ryan for one hour and twenty minutes, in eighty-six rounds, was on hand. The explanation that he had come to act as second to Sullivan, and thus to aid him as far as possible in laying out the man who had wearied and beaten him, added interest to the news.

Then the rumors started off again wilder than ever. It was confidently said that Sullivan and Madden, his trainer, had had a disagreement, and that Goss had been substituted for the latter, to finish off his preparations for the ring. This story got such a firm hold in influential quarters that for a day it was believed even in the camp of the Sullivan cohorts. The usual procession was rushed to Sullivan's headquarters in quest of information, however, and the usual denial of authenticity was given out. It appeared that Goss was to act as second in the ring only, and that no change in the training process or authority had been thought of. Goss had been selected not only for his knowledge of the ring and its tricks, but because of his intimate acquaintance with the tactics of Ryan. It was calculated that he would be able to guide his principal to a more prompt and easy victory than he could mark out for himself unaided by such experience and forethought as he would have behind him when old Joe stood there urging him on and designating to him the weak places for assault.

Kilbride, too, had come to aid in seconding the Boston boy. So the evil stories were dissipated again, and the rumor makers fell back on the old yarn that the Ryan side did not intend to allow the affair to go to a square issue, and that they would manage to break it up at the last moment. Again there was a rush to Ryan's quarters, and again a denial was fulminated in the most emphatic terms of which sturdy old John Roche was capable.

This style of annoyance began to have a souring effect on the tempers of the trainers, Roche and Madden. They wearied of the rush and excitement that took place whenever a new lie was started, and being put to great trouble to keep their men from the influences of these visits, began to chafe, and finally shut down altogether. During the last four or five days preceding the fight, therefore, no

visitors were received at the training quarters of either man unless they were intimate friends.

## A Private Exhibition at Sullivan's Headquarters.

During the early part of the week, however, there was a private exhibition given at Sullivan's quarters, before a very select party of guests. Sullivan trained at a famous resort and hostelry called "Schroeder's Garden"—a run of thirty-five minutes by rail from the city. Thither the select party was conveyed without the knowledge of the general crowd to take in Sullivan's points, and to form an estimate of his chances in the imminent encounter. Among the guests were several newspaper men, including a reporter for the New York POLICE GAZETTE.

There was a crowd of loungers, white and black, standing at the corner opposite the hotel, with eyes and mouths distended as if watching for the greatest show on earth to appear. When the party came up a colored school had just been dismissed. There was a dispute between two of the young viragos, and a regular set-to immediately followed. A ring was made by their dusky sisters around the combatants, and one was at once dubbed Sullivan and the other Ryan. After a regular rough-and-tumble Sullivan won, and a shout from the whole school proclaimed his popularity.

## Joe Goss Comes out Strong as a Prophet.

Among the visitors gathered in the parlor of the hotel was Joe Goss. He chatted in a friendly way with a reporter.

"Then you think the fight will certainly come off?" said the scribble.

"It will certainly be opened beyond all question, but how far it will be allowed to proceed is altogether another matter. I do not call in doubt the honesty or bravery of either principal in the coming contest, but on the other hand I am not so sure of the friends and backers of the other side in the event they should see things going against them. It is only on account of those that I have any fears. All I want is a fair, square fight—no dirty work under any circumstances. Let the fight, when it is once begun, be continued without any interruption straight on until one side or the other wins. We shall accept defeat, if we lose, and all we ask of the other side is to do likewise. I understand your people here have determined that fair play shall be carried out, and have pledged themselves that anything like an improper interference will be put down. Only fix that and it is all we will require, I can assure you."

"How long do you think the coming fight will last?"

"Not over twenty minutes. I have no idea it will be a protracted contest. Sullivan will force the fight. Whether Ryan is disposed that way or not he can't help himself—he must fight it. Now, Sullivan will not only start into the fight from the word go, but he will keep at it. He not only hits hard but he hits quick. The other must, therefore, fight that game, and it will not take long to knock somebody out of time, and so drawing out the contest will be simply impossible."

"How do you think the fight will go?"

"To tell you the truth, I think it will be a very hard one. This it is bound to be, taking the two men that are to be engaged in it. You will see no child's work, you may be sure of it, but a war of giants from beginning to end. It cannot possibly be otherwise. Now, if you ask who I think will win, I would prefer you would excuse me from answering the question. But if you insist, I claim an Irishman's privilege of answering a question by asking one. Do you suppose I would come way down here to second a man if I did not believe he would win? No, sir. As a rule mankind are not generally guilty of such things, and I claim not to be different from the rest of the world. I do not see any two sides to the question. Sullivan must win. I ought to know what Ryan can do, having once been at that mill, and I ought to know what he cannot do likewise. I am very sure indeed he cannot whip Sullivan. When Ryan comes up to the scratch he will find he has altogether a different piece of flesh before him than when old Joe Goss tackled him, not that I think that Ryan strikes lightly. He is a terrible hitter and that I know. If the fight is allowed to go on without let or hindrance from beginning to end you will see one of the greatest fights this continent ever saw, and the winner in that fight will be the champion of the world. A great deal has been said about Ryan's power of endurance. Now, I do not believe that of Sullivan will be found one whit less when the great trial comes off. Sullivan is a younger man than Ryan, and is, or ought to be, a more active one; at least I think so."

"Ryan's friends have stated that a good, honest referee will be appointed. Do you think that matters will be all straight just there?"

"Well, I wish I was a little more certain on that point. You see it takes almost as many good qualities to make up a good referee as it does a good prize fighter. He must be honest and honorable and game, determined to stand up for what is right until crack of doom, if necessary. He must be a man that won't decide that right is wrong and wrong right, no matter what kind of influence may be brought to bear upon him. Now, that the other side wants, will have, or can get so much excellence we will know later. We may better judge

of what a man's intentions are when we see exactly what they pan out."

## The Boston Boy's Display.

Mr. William Emmett finally announced to the waiting crowd, that if they wished they could get a view of Sullivan at his work, and might form their own estimate of his powers and his prospects in the battle of the 7th.

A walk through the main building of the hotel, along the yard and then across a street brought the party to a stable or outhouse. From the ceiling of a good sized room on the ground floor a leather football was suspended to a large iron staple, and against the ball Sullivan was aiming blow after blow with the force of a giant and almost the celerity of lightning. As the writer entered the room two heavy blows were hurled at the ball with the left hand, the right arm being held firmly pressed against the waist. Before the spectator could recover from his wonderment at the force of these blows the ball came spinning back, and then came two tremendous licks from the right, struck straight from the shoulder, delivered in rapid succession and with perfect precision, and the ball went crashing against the ceiling as if sent from the mouth of a cannon. As the ball was ever in motion, celerity in movement and precision in aim were taken to the utmost in order to reach it. Hence the superior excellence of this mode of training over the sand pillow or bolster. So, at least, Billy Madden claims. Twenty minutes were devoted to this exercise, with the usual intermissions, of course.

After the last round, the finishing up being ended, Sullivan was taken at once to his room, stripped and rubbed down. Well, he was certainly a model of a man. There seemed to be not a piece of superfluous flesh anywhere on his body. He looked to be all bone, sinew and muscle.

"Well, what do you think of Sullivan now?" quietly observed Billy Madden to the reporter.

"His condition is certainly splendid, and that pays the highest compliment to your admirable training without a single word more."

Sullivan was standing in the middle of the room, his arms were held elevated over his head, and this brought out the muscles of his shoulders in high relief, and the sight was a splendid one. The skin was as clean and white as that of a young girl and appeared to get even whiter every moment as the trainer's towels passed rapidly over it. After the entire surface was well dried with coarse towels the whole body was well wet with a whitish looking lotion and then rubbed hard and dry with the naked hand.

"What mixture have you got in that vial, Billy?"

"Well, that is one of Sullivan's secrets, and it is for the purpose of making the skin firm and hard, and it does it admirably. We never use alcohol at all."

The Boston party were delighted with their man's condition, and chuckled over it for the rest of the week. Nothing, they all agreed, could be better, and never were prospects more favorable all around than they were at that moment.

On the other hand, those who had been admitted to the inner circle in the Ryan camp declared that their man was in superb trim, and capable of making even a better fight than that which had resulted in his triumph over Joe Goss. Betting was very lively all around in these exciting days, and New Orleans in all its eventful history has rarely, if ever, been in such a pleasurable flutter of anticipation.

## JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

## The Final Preparations of the Gladiators and their Triumphant Progress to the Fray.

So merrily passed the last week before the battle, replete with pleasurable little excitements, loud talk, noisy wagers and contentious arguments. At last came that eventful period, the eve of the battle. Then, grew the voices of the betting men more loud and rasping, then did the knowing ones express their views more decidedly than ever. There was one set that went around crying "Paddy's going to win in a canter. He'll tire the green one out and lick him at his ease."

Still another party declared, "Sullivan's got a sure thing of it; you should see him snap off cast-iron rings and burst in a hoghead with a single blow of his fist. He's a tearer, he is, a regular wonder and he'll have the fight won after the second blow he lets out."

Then there was still another, a third party, who took a different view. They spoke rather by their stern air and quiet manners; and these seemed to say: "These fellows are all fools; they are making much ado about nothing. Their signs and prophecies are decidedly n. g. It's going to be a fight and a fight's a fight all the world over. That is if you have men pitted against each other who know how to fight and will do it. Paddy Ryan's got it in him; anyone can see that. Sullivan is in earnest, too. Then why all this blather from the bogan prophets? Why don't they give us a rest?"

But the prophets didn't take the hint. They didn't give a rest. They kept right on with their talk and their rumors and their gas and their pompous knowledge. They made life a burden with their fight talk. They bored the souls out of the quiet, sensible people with

their noisy predictions. They made pandemonium of the night before the battle.

## The Men and Their Condition.

The authenticated and unauthenticated rumors of this "very witching time of night" just before the great prize fight agreed that Ryan's friends were delighted with his condition and were confident that he was in fit condition to fight for a man's life. Old John Roche was rubbing his hands with glee when the POLICE GAZETTE representative called on him. Said he: "My man is prime; I know that's what you want to learn and I won't wait for you to ask. He's up and up, and it's a tough one now that's a goin' to stand afore him."

"Well, according to all accounts Sullivan is the tough one," said the reporter laughingly.

"Maybe he is," said Roche, "but the question is will he last? What's the use of being tough before a feller like Ryan unless your toughness has come to stay?"

"Very true; but how about all this blow about Sullivan's having a walk over after the first round?"

"Talk, talk, gas, blow, wind," said Roche, warming up, "I've seen too many fights, sonny, to be taken in by such stalls as they are stuffing you with. Sullivan may be a good man. He may be the best man ever seen or heard of and he may show up in a way to astonish us all; but he ain't a going to walk over the ring as he pleases when he's got a man like Ryan afore him. He may win but he's got to fight for it and to fight hard. Now, boy, you just go off and bet on it and see if you say when all's over that old John Roche knows what he's talking about."

Ryan was in ruddy health this last day before the fight and in very cheerful spirits. Such of his friends as he came in contact with were delighted with his looks and gaily contemplated the prospects of the encounter of the next day.

As for Sullivan he had been holding levees during the last few days of his training, for his friends and admirers were many and the renown of his physical prowess and his feats of strength brought him many partisans and disinterested admirers. Among the visitors to the two pugilists were a number of physicians and students, who wished to view the human form trained up to its maximum of strength and development. The two men were indeed models of physical perfection and studies for the sculptor, painter or anatomist.

Sullivan's friends were in a frantic condition of delight all the day and night of the 6th. They were childishly demonstrative in their predictions of how he would rattle things through in the ring and had no delicacy in predicting that he would jump right in from the start, force the fighting, make things uncommon lively, then, declared the victor, crowned with the gladiatorial laurel he would walk out of the ring unscratched and unscathed to receive an ovation at the hands of admiring crowds.

## The Dreary Watches of the Night.

All these things added to wild rumors and chin music rhapsodies and variations of the truth made the eve of the battle peculiarly lively. There was a great bustle all day, a coming and going of high sporting dignitaries and much whispered conference and planning and devising. Harry Hill's familiar, round, good-natured phiz and well fed grace filled up the scene and gave a home-like aspect to it. He evidently was the repository of great secrets of state but he refused to divulge them and preserved a grave dignity, which while very tantalizing was extremely piquant to the curiosity of the eager crowd who wanted to know everything all at once.

Up to the last moment betting went on heavily, the Southern men laying their money out with a prodigality that smacked of ante-bellum days.

There was an old character, a major or something of the sort, who hung about the outskirts of the sporting crowds and whose eyes glistened with delight when the fight was spoken of or when he heard loud betting talk and saw the money put up. The POLICE GAZETTE man took a fancy to this relic of the past and in company with several other journalists proposed to draw him into conversation.

"Major," said he, accosting the wreck (it's always safe to address anyone as major in New Orleans), "Major, have a drink."

The Major was with us without further invitation and evidently meant to stay.

"What do you think of the fighters, Major?" queried one of the crowd.

The old man gurgled a pint of whiskey in his throat, wiped his mouth on his coat cuff, sighed and replied: "Immense. The whole thing is a right smart piece of business. And the bets and the gang and the flow of money. Yah, I tell ye, boys, it's like to remind me of things down yeh befo' de wa."

"Who do you think is going to win, colonel?" asked the POLICE GAZETTE man.

"Well," said the old ruin, taking advantage of the barkeeper's scrutiny of the money drawer for change, to fill a soda water glass to the brim and dashing it off at a gulp: "That Ryan chap is a mighty powerful one to look at and I rather reckon he were a bad one to be hit by. When I look at him I sez to myself, sez I: 'Old chap you're lucky that you ain't a ambitious youngster and your name ain't Sullivan. That's what I sez to myself when I see Ryan.'"

"But, General," put in a waggish Cincinnati



reporter, "what sort of an effect does Sullivan have on you?"

"Well," said the old one, filling up the soda water glass again and sending its contents gently rippling down his throat in an absent-minded sort of way, "when I see Sullivan a bursting pork cask with a blow of his fist and splintering crowbars with a straight one from the shoulder and scattering stone fences with a whack from his right, well, when I see all these things I begin to think all over again, and I wonder how many hours it will take to sweep up the scattered particles that remain of his adversary."

"But you thought the same thing of Ryan," interdicted a Chicago man who had bet his money on Paddy.

"Well, jedge, I only said what I mean and what I know," said the old man, draining the whiskey bottle to its last dregs and ruefully eyeing the empty bottle.

"Haven't you made up your mind from what you've seen as to who is going to be the winner in this scrap?" asked the Chicago man in a surly tone.

"Of course I have, Gin'ral," replied the Southern major, "but my opinion inclines a little to both."

"To both?"

"Yes, to both, jedge. It's about equally divided between the two."

"How can that be?"

"Well, now look yeah. Ye see I never did settle on two such tough chaps as them two majors, Ryan and Sullivan, and I jest think they're going to make a draw of it."

"A draw!" screamed everyone. A howl of indignation went up from the mixed mob.

"Hold on, keep your shirts on, gentlemen. Don't disrobe till you see where you are," said the red-eyed major, blinking his eyes, which seemed to be liquid with pure whiskey, "Mebby I don't mean what you do. When I say a draw I mean to say when that yere fight is done there won't be nothin' left on either side to give the stakes to."

"Come off, now, Major," said Harry Hill with good-natured incredulity.

"Did you ever hear of the Kilkenny cats?" queried the Major.

"Of course."

"Well, they were well matched. So are these two fighters you've brought down yeah. And if they fight there will be the same results. You see there's such a thing as getting things down too fine. It's just possible to be a little too smart. It's very pleasant to have a close match but it has its drawbacks when it goes so far as to lead to the dismemberment of your fighters and the scattering of both their remains all over the country."

The old man had filled himself to his full capacity by this time and tottered off to a corner where he disposed himself for balmy slumber between two full whiskey casks—fitting couch for so ardent a votary of Bacchus.

#### Sizing Up the Giants.

As the days passed and the time for the fight drew nigh, Sullivan seemed to grow more and more surly. His habitual manner is reserved and rather repellent, but his evident pre-occupation in the matter of his coming encounter had the effect of intensifying these traits. The genial Southerners who were eagerly taking in all the features of the fight and the fighters, showed a disposition to "sour on" him somewhat, in consequence of his constant maintenance of the aspect of grim war. They took to the POLICE GAZETTE champion with a better grace than ever when they noted the difference between his equally earnest and more genial manners, and the savage, scowling intensity with which the Boston boy manifested that he meant business.

It was said that Sullivan was a sort of spoiled child of the "fancy" and that he had begun to develop into a "kicker"—that he was hot-headed, impatient under restraint, and inclined to give his trainers trouble. An old sport whose word carried weight among the crowd, entertained the little knots of canvassers in the hotels during the week with his opinions, formed after several visits to the men, and based on an experience of many years among pugilists.

He said the main trouble on the Sullivan side of the fence would be, as had no doubt it had been all along, to keep the youngster within prudent bounds. Sullivan was passionate and obstinate to the utmost degree, and might be fitly described as a wild, untamed colt, and it might happen he would take the bit in his mouth from pure deviltry, and run away or try to run away with the whole thing. This was his first fight, so to speak; he was totally inexperienced in ungloved, hard hitting warfare. What he had done and what he would be called upon to do was just the difference between a skirmish and a pitched battle. And then, too, without a record to entitle him to claim it, he had been made to believe by his friends that he was the greatest man in the world in something he had never done. That had spoiled him. Under any circumstance he was inclined to have his own way, and this might cause trouble before the thing was through. Giving him the right to claim any amount of bravery, it might be doubted if he would be cool and collected under fire. Now, this is a most important point, as a man who loses his temper often gives himself over to his enemy before he knows where he stands. Ryan had always that perfect control of himself, and he knew that his adversary wanted just that very thing

and it was not unlikely he might make use of this in the very nick of time. It may be a good thing to shoot quick, but a man might shoot too quick, and so in regard to muscle. That is a very excellent thing to have, but a man might have too much muscle also.

When this story went out and was enlarged upon by ingenious rumor, there was another flutter. It was said that Sullivan had "kicked over the traces" like the young unbroken colt he was—that he had fired out his trainers—that he wouldn't listen to Madden, that Goss "chinned" him in his choicest English, but all in vain. He was going to run the machine himself. He had got sick of training. He thought it all infernal nonsense. He was going to rush in, make a hurricane flight of it, and end the whole affair in five minutes.

This alarmed the crowd who had been putting up their money so freely on the Boston lad, and they organized another procession to his training quarters in quest of information as to the truth or falsity of these astounding stories. They found Sullivan meekly undergoing his training work, but resenting the intrusion of strangers on his privacy with angry scowls, though he said nothing.

Joe Goss, who was working in place of Madden, who had taken a day or two in the city to work up the interests of his fighting "star" for a final benefit which was to be given him before the start for the battle ground, did not mince matters at all when he saw the same old crowd swooping down on him again. He wanted to know "what the bloody 'ell" they were always foolin' around for? What did they think he was? What were they giving him anyhow? Did they think they could play him for a monkey or a sucker? Well, he guessed they would find out that they had made a big mistake."

The benefits of the two men were perfect omissions. All the city was in a fever heat over the displays made and the array of pugilists who volunteered to add interest to the entertainments was something astounding to the oldest inhabitants. There was not one found who would say that there had ever been anything like it seen in the city, not even "befo' the war." Both pugilists panned out to the satisfaction of their prejudiced admirers and their methods, condition, actions and prospects were eagerly canvassed on the data furnished by the actual observation of the crowd.

As time wore on many anxieties arose as to the selection of the battle ground and the visitors who had come a great distance were early on the alert to post themselves in order that they might not by any unhappy chance "get left." These anxious ones were quieted by an early assurance that everything was going to be done on the square and without any fuss. The managers of the affair also declared that there was no necessity of any hurry or any fear of getting left, as the trains were to run openly and above board on the regular excursion principals—that the police authorities would have a guard detailed to take charge of them and that the gentle infants from New York, Boston, Chicago and Cincinnati need not fear but that they would have due protection to and from the battle ground. This seemed to reassure the timid ones, from one cause or another, but the lads generally elevated their eyebrows away up into their hair when it was said that the police were going to take a hand. This, to the admirers of pugilism as conducted in the north, was something astounding. The police, generally their deadly foes and the marplots of many a well-planned "scrap," were in this great event the accomplices of the backers and the guards of the sluggers. Well, this was a lovely state of affairs. Everyone agreed to this, without a dissentient voice, and the crowd settled down to enjoy the last two days in town with a refinement of sportive tricks on views of the local "elephant" after their usual merry fashion. The assurance that anyone could buy a ticket who would agree to behave himself respectfully and might go along with the fighters and would be protected in the rights he had purchased with his tickets made everyone happy except the impecunious local rounders who were prowling on the outskirts of the sporting cohorts eager to pick up some information as to the locality of the engagement in order that they might at least turn their faces to that Mecca of their hopes and desires, if they could not tramp the distance or smuggle themselves into some conveyance.

Every arrangement in relation to the fight was transacted in a confident, unreserved manner that was surprising. No attempt at concealment was made and there was no show of the part of the men's representatives. There was plainly an understanding with the authorities, for the chief politicians of the place were hand in glove with the trainers and tipped glasses with the visiting sports at the bars. The prevailing topic everywhere was the fight. Even in the theatres actors and actresses brought down rounds of applause by interpolating gazes concerning the merits of the fighters and their deeds past and to come. Never was there such an excitement in this country over a meeting of two pugilists in the ring. New Orleans seemed turned into a great living surging apostrophe to the spirit of pugilism and the gladiators who were nominated to beat each other out of human shape to make a New Orleans holiday. And a holiday New Orleans was bound to make of it, and no mistake.

The rumor got out on Sunday night that the

fighting ground was located in a lovely spot between New Orleans and Mobile and an easy ride by rail from the former city. Where this rumor originated no one seemed to know, but the wise wags of the heads and blinkings of the eyes of those identified as the "knowing ones" went to corroborate the story. There were two special trains engaged to convey respectively the followers and admirers of Sullivan and the POLICE GAZETTE champion, and the sale of tickets progressed at a rate that promised a fortune to the managers of the excursion enterprise. In addition to these there were other trains made up for the purpose of transporting the exclusive parties of rich citizens and men of note who wished to view the battle and yet preserve more or less of an incognito to the general crowd for dignity's sake. It was a very thin veneer, however, and it was all pulled off by the time the battle field was reached, and the whole party was thoroughly mingled.

A great feature of the affair was the quiet and smoothness of all the proceedings before the fight and up to the very moment of the appearance of the men in the ring. But in spite of every precaution and notwithstanding it was generally understood that the authorities were running the affair, the rough and poor element was not entirely shut out. There were tramps who got early information of where the ring was to be pitched and who told all their friends before they walked there and slept in the fields for two or three nights while awaiting the arrival of the trains with the "flush" crowd that paid their way to the ground.

There were many who drove to the ground, being evidently well posted on the direction the pugs would aim, and as for niggers they were on hand in droves and amused many of the mob by their wrangles and fights. Two tough slugging matches between mokes made things merry for the neighbors before the arrival of the sporting men and when they came on the ground and noted how badly the colored population were bitten by the mad dog of pugilism which they had brought down from the North, they encouraged several little engagements that furnished much amusement for all witnesses.

The girls of New Orleans were very much taken with the pugilists and their followers and although a little shy took means to manifest their preferences on various occasions. Their feelings were evidently enlisted as strongly as were those of the men and there is no doubt but that they argued the cause of their respective favorites as earnestly in their private tea table chat as did their brothers and husbands. Certain bouquets received at the training quarters of the pugilists every morning during the last days of their training were traced directly to a couple of the prettiest and most daring of the Crescent City belles, whose sporting fancy got the better of their prudence. Poor little dears, how they must have suffered in secret in their reflections on the cruelty of man that barred them out from the enjoyment of affairs of this kind. Were not the highest ladies of Spain permitted to occupy coigns of vantage at the bull fights? Did not the grandest Roman matrons grace the amphitheatre where the gladiators carved each other up? Were not the best places at the Grecian games reserved for beautiful maids? And did not a queen of love and beauty preside over the jousts in the days of chivalry? Then why not have private boxes and reserved seats for ladies at a battle in the arena between modern gladiators of the calibre and classic mould of the POLICE GAZETTE champion and the hard-hitting Boston boy?

Alas for the beauty of New Orleans! Alas for the days of chivalry! There was none so chivalric or so daring as to propose that the ladies should have a chance at this little sport. So the ladies were left out, possibly to their great chagrin, for assuredly they seemed to take an overwhelming interest in the progress of the training and in the battle itself. Indeed it was a demoralizer, this great match, and no further proof of how it unsettled things need be adduced than the revelations it brought out of the predilection on the part of ladies for scenes of war and heroic strife.

It will take the parsons a year of good, solid, square tussling with the devil to get the upper hand of him once more in New Orleans since the fascinating cohorts of the gladiators let him loose in that famous town.

#### The Eventful Morning.

How the enthusiastic boys who had gone so far to see the fight expected to be in condition to enjoy the affair when it came off was a wonder to the natives. They seemed to take no rest. They were on the go all the time and the late arrivals who came trooping into town from every arriving train added to the excitement and prevented all sleep. There surely was never a match that occasioned such wide-spread interest or jarred the affairs of life so far out of their beaten course. New Orleans was for a month under a new and moving excitement and for a week the city was positively demoralized. All that famous eve of the battle there was bustle and confusion in the rival camps, a hurrying to and fro, a mysterious preparation, a host of whispers of good or evil portent, and all conducted with enough secrecy and exclusiveness to pique curiosity and add importance to the coming event.

But all the arrangements were well made. The direction of affairs was in the hands of

those who had gained experience in many a famous meeting of "pugs" under less favorable circumstances, where the ordinary troubles of transportation, the choice of battle-ground and the arrangement of the preliminaries, was added the necessity of strategic manoeuvring to trick the police or to avoid the traps laid for the fighters by their natural foes—the authorities. Here there was none of that. The authorities were with the gladiators, and even aid was given to make the excursion a success and a profit. Special parties of merchants, bankers and first citizens went out in little circles to enjoy the mill as if they were going on a picnic. The rowdy element was conspicuous from its absence. Everything was conducted on high-toned principles. Pickpockets detected in the attempt to edge their way in were taken summarily by the scruff of the neck and caged until time had passed and it was impossible for them to join the respectables, on whom they had calculated to prey during the excitement of the fight. The journey to the fighting ground was therefore a positive pleasure. All enjoyed the trip, and none more than the incognito court judges and the sedate fathers of families and church members, who joined the procession *sub rosa*.

The elimination of the rough thieving element, which has heretofore brought the ring into sad disrepute despite the most honest efforts of its true votaries, was noticeable too in the temper and good humor of the excursionists. There was loud talk and some chaffing, but it was given and taken in good nature. There was little betting on the way, and the speculations on the men were the same old saws and theories of weeks before, reiterated, turned over, and held up to the light of later events and revelations. The trainers and seconds would not reveal anything, and kept their men closely secluded from the scrutiny of the eager throng, whose curiosity was worked up to the highest pitch in consequence.

Joe Goss was, as usual, talkative, and gave back the chaffers as good as they sent, but was very careful not to say anything. Madden was as usual taciturn, but there was a bright twinkle in his keen eye. Roche had been bothered for two days by silly inquiries, and had grown weary of contradicting false rumors of every sort. He was an oracle that wouldn't speak, and nobody thought it politic to attempt to draw him out.

"Johnny's got his business air on him now," said a sport, *en route*: "When he has that look I've remarked he means business. Like the old war-horse, he snuffs the battle from afar. That's what's the matter with John, and if there's no hitch at the ring, we'll have a daisy fight, you just bet."

At the spot selected for the encounter, it was apparent that some one behind the scenes had been talking, for there were a number of countrymen and niggers already on the spot, and a number of private conveyances were seen rolling along to the point of interest. The fighting men had been smuggled to their quarters near the ground, and reports of their condition and general fix were eagerly sought and passed about from tongue to tongue. The ceremonies of pitching the ring were viewed by the "tony" exclusives present, with intense interest, and the wild negro urchins looked on with open mouthed wonder at the crowd and the proceedings which evidently struck a thrilling awe deep down to the cores of their ignorant little African souls; for they evidently thought these doings but the dreadful preliminaries to some new and more terrible daylight fetiche rite.

While this was going on, and while the crowd was good naturedly amusing itself with jokes and guys, and occasionally a little mild horse play, the usual wrangle was in progress over the selection of the referee. Prominent sporting men were thick on all sides, however. You couldn't help jostling them as you moved about among the throng, and there was great wonder expressed that there could be any delay. It was rumored, however, that the prominent men were backward in coming forward to act, and that was the matter. Naturally enough, they had come a great distance to enjoy the fight and didn't relish the idea of saddling the responsibilities of official position, thus taking off the edge of their enjoyment.

The rumor finally spread that the man had been found and a buzz went up from the throng, and people began to settle themselves into position for a comfortable view of the coming mill. The ring police now put in an appearance and weeded out the inner circle, where only the favored and high-priced few who could pay an extra price were admitted. The reporters present were a perfect brigade in themselves, and marshalled together in a famous "coign of vantage," made a worthy representation of the brains and dignity of the press at this test of physical grace, skill and prowess.

Another hum ran through the crowd and the cry went up, "Here they come!"

"Who come?" queried a nervous little broker.

"The fighters and their seconds."

"Oh, my!" and he settled timidly into his place.

At this phase of affairs, the POLICE GAZETTE courier was started off to secure the special wire to telegraph the fight, the events of which, it had been arranged were to be sent on specially, at a great outlay, to Richard K. Fox, in the POLICE GAZETTE office in New York.



THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.  
MEETING OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION, PADDY RYAN, AND JOHN L. SULLIVAN, OF BOSTON, IN THE GREAT CONTEST FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD AND FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS STAKES, NEAR NEW ORLEANS, LA.

